Frank A Bartlett 5 Jun 23

The Meredith News

OPEN TO ALL — A GRANITE STATE WEEKLY FREE LANCE — INFLUENCED BY NONE

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THE NEWS

Meredith and Sandwich Editions

W. T. & CHARLOTTE LANCE
Publishers

Every time a court issues an injunction restraining the actions of the strikers, Samuel Gompers, the man who has the delusion that the word labor means only union labor, gets up on his hind legs, paws the air and almost shouts defiance to the courts. He should remember that the injunction is one of the very few processes remaining in our court proceedure which defies the dilatory tactics of crafty lawyers. He might want to seek its aid himself sometime. It restrains against unlawful acts only, goes into effect immediately and sets a nearby day for calling its justice into question. No man who respects the rights of his fellow citizens and the general welfare ever feels the pinch of an injunction for "There is no law for the righteous."

The motto of the free trader: "Up with Europe and Asia! Down with America! Don't buy it at home if you can make a bigger profit buying it abroad."

It was not the prospect of having to pay their honest debts to America that drove European countries into the present Near East war. It was the belief, encouraged by propagandists in the United States, that they would never have to pay their debts that led them to squander billions preparing for a new war waged to satisfy European lust for territory and commercial privileges. Any cancellation of European debts would only increase the size of European war expenditures and increasingly jeopardize world peace.

America was never developed and made prosperous by patrons of the customs houses.

Chinese pay their doctors so long as he keeps them well. When they get sick his pay stops. If labor paid its leaders on the same principle, there would be fewer strikes called.

If labor agitators who draw salaries of $15,000 to $25,000 as "leaders," were reduced to the same strike benefits as the man in the ranks while a strike was on, they would find lots of ways to arrive at an amicable settlement very speedily.

Meredith Neck

Joe Leech has bought a car.

Mrs. Charles Fogg isn't very well.

Charles Fogg is building a new house.

H. O. Whitney is boarding with the family of A. P. Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. McKay of Rochester spent the week end with H. B. Dickinson and family.

H. B. Dickinson is working on big Beaver Island.

Roy Bickford is working for C. P. Cushing. Mr. Cushing is adding a new addition to his house beside the new barn.

Squam Neck

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pulsifer and their daughter have moved their goods to Meredith for the winter.

J. S. Lord is employed by the Electric Light & Power Company at Meredith.

Karl Koford and Wilbur Greene were in Laconia last week.

E. W. Sturtevant is surfacing the McGuire road.

Several from here attended the rally at Meredith last Friday night.

Work has been commenced on the bill from L. L. Sanborn's to Archibald Anthon's.

Orville Bartlett and son of Lakeport were here Friday.

Irving Brown and Elwin Bickford were here Sunday looking after matters at the Forest camps.

Mr. and Mrs. James McIntire and family visited at Fred Cram's in Moultonboro Sunday.

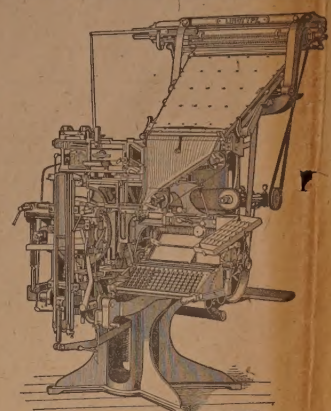
Merrill Optical Co.
611 MAIN STREET
Laconia, New Hampshire
Next to Theatre Both Phone

NEWS TO HAVE A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Preparations Being Made to Print One of the Biggest Issues of the News Ever Published. To Appear December Thirteenth

A Fine Lithographed Cover to be one of the Features—Merchants Are Urged to Reserve Advertising Space for This Issue at Once. Fine Opportunity to Obtain Publicity

The News has an outfit now that permits it to go in for something really artistic, the new Whitlock Press and the Linotype



affording us advantages never heretofore enjoyed by a newspaper printed in Belknap County.

And so we are going to print a Christmas number, to be issued the thirteenth of December, in all probability. Reserve space for your Christmas advertising now in order to get good positions.

The special lithographed Holiday Cover is a real piece of art, made from a special oil painting by one of the foremost poster and cover artists in the United States.

From every point of view, it is the handsomest cover ever turned out for newspaper purposes.

Its original cost was the highest ever paid for a newspaper cover.

The artist, Norman Rockwell, is famous for his covers adorning such publications as Saturday Evening Post, Country Gentleman, Literary Digest, Life, American Magazine and others of national circulation. His talents are far beyond the reach of individual newspapers and without syndication could not be available at all for newspaper purposes. Many thousands of people have bought one of the magazines mentioned, entirely on the strength of a Norman Rockwell cover.

The subject matter and composition possess the essentials of a Christmas theme and have a strong appeal to eye, heart and brain. The design is ornate, with just the proper blending and shading of colors.

No metropolitan publication will have anything excelling this cover.

Speak at once for space in this great Christmas number. It will be read by many thousands of people, circulating as it will from Holderness to Whiteface, covering the entire surrounding country, embracing as it will both the Meredith News and the Sandwich News.

Are you a Booster? Join the News Christmas Booster Edition Club and advertise your business and your wares in this edition—making it a special contribution to the publicity life of Holderness, Ashland, Meredith, Center Harbor, Moultonboro, Center Sandwich, Sandwich, North Sandwich and other business centers.

East Holderness

Miss Anna Edgerly attended the funeral of Charles Green in Moultonboro last week.

Frank Copp has moved into the house where Donald Davis has been living.

A family from Tilton is living on the "Greene Place."

George Sirrell has moved his family into the Charles Brown house.

Irving Brown is helping care for N. B. Cox, who is confined to his bed, at his home in Plymouth.

Anyone needing pumpkins for Thanksgiving, call 21-16.

Mrs. Emerson George of Moultonboro visited her sister, Mrs. George Porter, last week.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Taylor, a daughter.

Don't fail to see us or call us on the phone for advertising space in the News Special Christmas number.

Thank You

The Management of the Meredith Neck Club House Dances, desires to thank all those who have worked hard to make these dances a success, and to the public in general for their generous patronage, and we trust that each and all have received pleasure and enjoyment at the pretty spot.

GLANCING OVER MEREDITH'S PAST

E. H. Maloon, the Village Blacksmith, Delves Into Local History

Editor News:

In reviewing I see that I failed to finish my discription of the James Bedee house. The place is now owned by Charles Roberts. Roberts is the son of Orrin Roberts and I think came to Meredith with his father when he moved back to Meredith from Boston. The first that I remember of him he lived on the Neck and ran a meat cart about the Village and to Laconia. He next opened a market in the store vacated by Mr. Philip Blaisdell. Here he sold meat for several years when he moved on to the flats and opened a market which he has enlarged to a grocery store and meat market and is one of the solid men of the town.

In discribing Hanson Bedee's family I missed E. E. Beede. He was some relation to Hanson Bedee and made his home with him. I became acquainted with him after he came back from the diamond fields and we became very friendly. He was reported to be very wealthy, money which he gained by his own efforts. When I first knew of him I think he was a banker in Boston. He afterward came here and at one time owned the water power and mills in Meredith. He was a pleasant man to meet, open handed and generous. I once asked him to recommend to me a lawyer in Boston that would help me to make a deal with Ames Plow Co. In answer he gave me a letter to his own lawyer, asking him to look out for me. He surely was a capable man and made his way without help from anyone.

The last I ever saw of him was in Plymouth. I was waiting for a train and he asked me to his room and we had a very pleasant chat. Men may say what they will about him, but he always used me white. This remembrance will remain with me as long as I live.

His war record was one to be proud of and it is to be found in the printed history of his regiment.

My last letter left off with the Wm. Nesi house. We will begin this one at the Smith house corner. This is a new house that I have never yet seen so can say nothing about it. At the foot of the hill there is a Catholic Church yet for want of knowledge I shall have to pass by. At the foot of the hill Mr. Tenney and his adopted son live in a small bungalow. This is strictly a batchelor home, no women allowed.

Next in order is the Madison Chase place. Madison was one of the old timers. He was a carpenter by trade, and worked for Geo. Clark & Co. for years in the mill and outside.

Next comes the old Hoyt house. This has been a tenement house for years. It was once my home for quite a while.

We now come to one of the most interesting families in town, the John K. Clough family. The house is the first one on the Neck road and has been in the Clough family since I can remember anything. First came Mrs. Clough who gave to John seven boys as a family. No woman ever lived who was the peer of Mrs. Clough in the sphere that she moved in. John K., the father of the boys, was a market man, a butcher in town for years. Much could be said of John K. Many stories could be told of him for he was a genial man and liked to call as he went by my shop and talk matters over. No one could say anything that he did not have an answer for. I remember that he once had a market between Aunt Lindy's house and the drug store on Water street. He was once selling meat from the basement room that used to be under Beede's store on Plymouth street. He and my father were very friendly and when he died Meredith lost a man that was liked by almost everyone in the village. Of the seven boys only two are now alive, Ed and Freeman, both in Manchester. Freeman I think does no business as he is around 80 years old. He went to Manchester a poor boy, and by hard work and honest dealing gathered enough so that he may spend his old age in comfort. He has been a fine man from his boyhood up. He and my brother Walter were inseparable friends. Both went to war and both were wounded, Freeman in the knee and my brother lost an arm and died in Washington.

William O. Clough, one of the boys went to Nashua and grew up with a newspaper which later I think he owned or controlled. I never knew much of him, but have heard him spoken of many times as being a fine man and held in high esteem in Nashua. Chas. Clough was killed in the war. I never knew him. George Clough lived here for years. As I remember him he was always in the meat business. He moved to Manchester some years ago and I do not know what became of him. Byron Clough, another son, lived in Meredith many years and was a mill worker. He finally moved to Manchester and went out of my knowledge.

Frank, (nicknamed Cooney) was elected to keep the home fires burning and look after the old people. This he did for many years. For a business he butchered, dealt in horses and finally bought and killed calves and lambs for his brothers in Manchester. He and I were very friendly all of these years and when he sickened and died, he left many friends. I think he did well by his father and mother until they died. Next comes the youngest boy Ed. He went to the

(Continued on the Last Page)

CENTER SANDWICH HAPPENINGS

Mr. F. A. Bryer is receiving treatment in the Laconia Hospital.

Everett Merryfield and his son, Norman, motored to Boston recently.

Miss Edna Roberts was home from Tilton Seminary over the week end.

George Gault visited Manchester last week and called on his son, George Jr.

Charles Burleigh had the misfortune to cut his foot quite severely last week.

Robert Russell and Watson Flett of Boston, motored to Sandwich for over Sunday.

Mrs. E. M. Heard of Laconia had a serious fall recently and is confined to her bed.

Charlotte Hoag and Paul Hanson were home from Brewster Academy over the week end.

Mrs. Julia Watson has closed her home and gone to Lyndon, Vermont, for the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Hoag, Mrs. Arthur Avery and Mrs. F. M. Smith, attended Pomona Grange at Ossipee last week.

Miss Blanche Burrows of Sandwich who has been studying and training for a nurse in the Laconia Hospital, received her diploma at the graduation last week.

Dr. T. H. Stacy returned Thursday after spending several days in Worcester, Mass., attending a Convention.

Pomona Grange met last week at Ossipee and the annual election of officers took place. Mrs. Frank W. Smith of Sandwich was elected to act as Lecturer for the ensuing year.

The Grand Officers made their annual visitation to Red Mountain Lodge Monday evening, October 30. Supper was served in the dining hall of the Masonic Building.

The Ladies Aid of the First Baptist Church will hold its regular meeting in C. E. Hall, at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon, of this week.

Mr. and Mrs Charles Nichol of Winthrop, Mass., closed their summer home for the season Tuesday, and returned to Massachusetts.

Mr. John Weed, who was in town for a short time, returned to Boston Sunday by motor with Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Smith, who have spent the summer in the Smith Homestead at the foot of Mt. Israel.

An all day meeting was held last Thursday by the Ladies Aid of the F. B. Church. Dinner was served to which the husbands were invited, the dinner being in charge of Mrs. W. E. Marston.

Mr. and Mrs. William Russell entertained a number of guests at a Hallowe'en Party, Tuesday, October 31st. The usual entertainment was enjoyed after which refreshments were served and games exercised last week. Mrs. Amy Burrows, Mrs. Cordelia Sherman and Mrs. F. M. Smith attended.

Miss Margaret Marston of New Hampshire State College is enjoying a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Marston.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Elliott and daughter Blanche, of Rumney, spent Sunday with Mrs. Elliott's mother, Mrs. Sarah Russell.

Miss Marie Hanson returned to Laconia Sunday after spending some time in Sandwich.

The semi-annual inspection of the Mt. Israel Grange took place last Thursday evening by Deputy Inspector Leavitt of Freedom. A chicken pie supper was served.

Sandwich

Dr. Robert Emerson of Boston is visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Weed.

William Drew visited his family over the week end.

Harry Adams, Granville Smith and Dana Borland went on a three days' hunting trip to Waterville.

Mrs. George C. Flett of Belmont is visiting Mrs. F. A. Bryer.

Mrs. Joseph Wentworth spent the week end in town.

J. Watson Flett of Belmont, Mass., spent the week end with his sister, Mrs. F. A. Bryer.

Miss Lena Cook is at Fred Bickford's for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Newell of Laconia spent two days with Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Graves.

Frank Tilton has sold his timber to a Manchester Company.

North Sandwich

Mr. John Weed was in town Saturday.

J. Frank Atwood was in Concord Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Gilman were recent visitors in Meredith.

Mr. Fred Eldridge has moved into the Willis house.

Mrs. James Remick and son Nelson are at their summer home for a few days.

On Monday evening November 13, beginning at 7.30, there will be an entertainment at the school house to

(Continued on Fourth Page)

Expert Pruning
All Fruits and Grapes
AND SHRUBS
Gypsy Moth Work
Tree Surgery
Old Orchard Renovation
All Forms of Grafting
Spraying in Season
Horticultural Advice
Agent for
The Barnes Bros. Nursery Co., Yalesville, Conn., and Fruit Growers' Supply Co., Northampton, Mass.

H. C. WOOLLEY
(Ten Years' Experience)
P. O. Box 305
Meredith, N. H., Center Harbor Road

Received a New Lot of
Men's Clothing
Wonderful Trades
Full line Men's Trousers, all kinds
Good values in Men's and Boys' Sheepskin Coats
Flannel Shirts and Mackinaws
Nice line Men's, Boys' and Children's Underwear
New lot of Men's Caps, 75c. to $1.00
Extra Bargains
S. GRAD

The Economy Store
M. E. SHARON, Prop.
CHINA
GLASSWARE
CROCKERY
NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK
NEW PROCESS OIL
STOVES AND HEATERS
COOK STOVES AND HEATERS
ALUMINUM WARE
ENAMEL WARE
TINWARE
ERIE IRON WARE
POST CARDS
TOYS
GAMES
DOLLS
COASTER WAGONS
KIDDIE KARS
BASKETS
BALSAM PILLOWS
HAIR NETS
PURSES
SOUVENIRS
FLAGS, PENNANTS
NEW PERFECTION OIL HEATERS
Full Line of
Air Tight
WOOD STOVES
Glenwood
Ranges and Heaters
Special Prices on
Dinner Sets.

We do not restrict ourselves solely to the
Rexall Preparations
Just because they are all first-class, but keep a large stock of all the standard remedies and preparations
TOILET ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS
the finest manufactured by the leaders of the world in this line of goods
BOX PAPER
WRITING TABLETS
AND ALL THE LEADING DAILIES
Monthly and Weekly Magazines

More of those
PUREST FAMILY GOODS
Coffees, Teas, Etc., at the
Low Price
George F. Sanborn & Son

Men's--Boys'
OVERCOATS, MACKINAWS, SHEEP-LINED COATS, BROWN BEACH JACKETS, LEATHER VESTS
also a big line of
HEAVY PANTS AND FLANNEL SHIRTS
STANLEY, the Tailor
Home of Hart, Schaffner-Marx Clothes
MEREDITH, N. H.

1—Birthplace of Theodore Roosevelt, 28 West Twentieth street, New York, which is to be preserved as a Roosevelt museum. 2—Some of the Fascisti, carrying their standards, who have won control of Italy. 3—King Ferdinand of Rumania, himself just crowned, placing the crown on the head of Queen Marie.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Fascisti in Complete Control of Italian Government With Mussolini as Premier.

JUGO-SLAVIA TALKS OF WAR

America Declines to Participate in Near East Conference but Names Her Interests—Turkish Nationalists Dethrone Sultan — Marriage of Former Kaiser Wilhelm.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

THE United States has declined the invitation to participate in the Near East peace conference at Lausanne, Switzerland, but will be represented by observers who will keep tab on "certain subjects of particular American concern." Do you think the United States could or should do anything more than this in the settling of the tangled affairs of the Near East?

NO VICTORY could be more complete than that won by the Fascisti in the bloodless revolution in Italy. They are now in absolute control of the government and their chief, Benito Mussolini, is premier and minister of foreign affairs and of the interior, third office carrying the premiership, so Mussolini at the invitation of the king took the place and promptly announced the new cabinet. Most of its members belong to the Fascisti, but several places are given to the Nationalists, one to the Democrats and one to the Catholic party. From all over the country the Black Shirts flocked to Rome where 100,000 of them paraded before the king and premier, and then, at the order of their leaders, they dispersed to their homes to resume their vocations.

Italy seems to have supreme confidence in Mussolini, believing that he will put an end to the conflicts of political factions that have sadly hindered its development during the last three years and that under his rule economic prosperity will be restored. He is young, vigorous and unpretentious and already has buckled down to hard work. Once a fiery revolutionary Socialist and was expelled from Switzerland and from what was then the Austrian Tyrol. But he broke with his old associates when in his paper, Popolo Italia, he urged Italy to enter the war on the side of the allies. To the world at large the victory of Mussolini and his Fascisti is most important because it was a victory over the Communists, radical Socialists and "Reds" generally. These forces of disruption and disorder were so badly whipped that the Communist party in Italy has announced its own dissolution, which presumably means that the Communist deputies will resign from the chamber.

Mussolini, denying that his program has any chauvinistic plans, said: "Italy needs peace at home as well as abroad. I never believed in a bellicose attitude, and therefore no clash is possible between Italy and Jugo-Slavia or any other power. We want to prove that our sole ambition is to make the country a true friend toward friends and of a people strong, fair and laborious, a people worthy to live alongside the greatest nations."

Nevertheless Jugo-Slavia was greatly excited by Mussolini's triumph and talked wildly of mobilization and war. Her frontier guards were reinforced and some fighting was reported. In Rome it was said the alarm of the Serbs was groundless.

WHEN envoys of the nations most concerned gather in Lausanne, Switzerland, on November 13, for the Near East peace conference, the United States will be represented only by "observers." We were invited to full participation, but Secretary Hughes declined, stating:

"The conference proposed for the purpose of drawing up a treaty of peace with Turkey will have primarily to deal with the problems resulting from the state of belligerency between the allied powers, Turkey, and Greece. The United States was neither at war with Turkey nor a party to the armistice of 1918, and does not desire to participate in the final peace negotiations or to assume responsibility for the political and territorial adjustments which may be effected."

At the same time Mr. Hughes said his observers would keep watch over the disposition of "certain subjects of particular American concern."

Soviet Russia was invited to take part in that portion of the conference which has to do with the Dardanelles, and while she is indignant at the limitation, she probably will accept.

THE Angora national assembly has declared the sultan of Turkey dethroned and also has condemned to death the Turkish signatories of the treaty of Sevres and the members of the cabinet of former Premier Damad Ferid Pasha. Three sovereignty of the nation is declared to rest in the hands of the people, and the name Ottoman Empire is changed to the State of Turkey. This is virtually the proclamation of a republic, but another sultan may be elected later.

EXCEPT among the German monarchists, the marriage of the former kaiser and Princess Hermione of Reuss on November 5 had serious only amusement. Really it is entirely unimportant, but Wilhelm spread himself so far as he could, with ludicrous pomp and proclamations in which all his lost titles appear. The ceremony was performed at Doorn and was attended by a considerable number of the faithful, including George Sylvester Viereck, the notorious pro-German-American publicist. Wilhelm wanted to take his bride for a honeymoon trip outside of Holland, but the allies and the Dutch government wouldn't permit that. The "queen of Prussia," as Herndone now styles herself, seems to be a determined lady and she has announced that she will spend several months each year away from Doorn which would be too dull for continuous residence. But hubby must remain there.

ATTORNEY GENERAL DAUGHERTY, who has been attacked repeatedly because of his alleged slowness in prosecuting the "war swindlers," has announced that preliminary investigation into 425 wartime contracts has disclosed evidence on which the government will take action. In every one of these cases, he says, either civil or criminal suits or both must be brought by the government. "Legal civil action will be taken in every case in which it has been discovered that fraud, collusion, or dishonesty was practiced," said the attorney general. "While great numbers of cases indicate on their face the worst kind of fraud and thievery, the government cannot, of course, go into court until it has established absolutely on the face of records in its possession that its case will stand the acid test. The government must be fair to itself, and fair even to those whom it would brand as crooks and profiteers, yet, every single individual, firm, or corporation involved in the cases now in the possession of the department must satisfy the government's claims to the last penny."

PRESIDENT HARDING celebrated his fifty-seventh birthday last Thursday by going through with his usual round of official duties. The day was not forgotten, however, for telegraphic greetings came from many rulers and leaders of other countries and from innumerable friends in America. The President spent the evening quietly with Mrs. Harding, who, though recovering from her recent severe illness, is still confined to her bed.

FINAL ballyhooing for the elections this week demanded much attention from Americans during the week just closing. To predict results would be foolish. Down in Texas there was a seemingly inextricable tangle that, it was believed, would leave both major parties without any candidate for the United States senate on the ballot. The Democrats had G. E. B. Peddy, fusion candidate, barred from the ticket because he participated in the Democratic primary. This affected the 150,000 Texans who voted for Harding. Then charges were brought against E. B. Mayfield, Democratic candidate, because he was said to have been a member of the Ku Klux Klan. This has resulted in a legal complication which at this writing seems likely to keep Mayfield's name off the ballot. The fight may be carried to the senate.

MUNICIPAL elections in England, which were taken as indication of the results in the coming general elections, turned out very badly for the laborites, usually classed there as Socialists. They lost 140 seats which they had held in London and about 100 seats they had held in 80 boroughs outside the capital.

Cuba also had elections and the Liberal party scored a sweeping victory, increasing their representation in the lower house of congress so much that the administration majority is imperiled. It is worthy of note that no disturbances were reported.

PRESIDENT OBREGON of Mexico got rid of one of his most dangerous enemies last week. General Murguia, leader of the latest revolt, was caught asleep in a church at Tepehuantes and within a few hours had been court-martialed, condemned and executed by a firing squad. The haste was explained by the fact that he was seeking legal restraints to prevent an immediate trial. It was felt in Mexico City that Murguia's death brought appreciably nearer the general pacification of the country.

THREE notable men died last week. Father Bernard Vaughan, famous Jesuit preacher and brother of Cardinal Vaughan, passed away in England; Walter Hines Page, well-known American author and former ambassador to Italy, died in Virginia. Thomas DeWitt Cuyler of the Pennsylvania Railroad company and chairman of the Railroad Executives' association, was found dead in a private car at Philadelphia.

THE mixed claims commission, named to adjudicate war claims between the United States and Germany, is now busy in Washington. At the first sessions, with Justice Day presiding as umpire, the working system for presenting the claims was settled. The American commissioner is Judge Edwin B. Parker and the German commissioner, Dr. Wilhelm Kiesselbach.

RECENTLY the federal railway labor board rendered a majority opinion rejecting "the living wage" theory advanced by spokesmen for railway unions. If given strict application, it would give common laborers a minimum wage of about 72 cents an hour, and as a step toward this the maintenance of way men asked a 48-cent minimum. The labor board, increasing the prevailing rate 2 cents an hour, granted a minimum ranging from 25 to 37 cents an hour. It was in connection with this decision that the living wage opinion was given, the board asserting that the wage theory of labor if given application "would wreck every road, and if extended to other industries, would carry them into communistic ruin." Samuel Gompers, Edsel Ford and William Randolph Hearst all assailed this view. Their attacks rolled Ben W. Hooper, chairman of the board, and he retaliated with a stinging statement. He gave Mr. Gompers credit for sincerity, marveled at the attitude of the Hearst papers and poked fun at young Ford. He continued:

"One of the expert economists who presented the matter to the board for the employees stated that this would 'throw a monkey wrench into the industrial machinery' and that the theoretical living wage should not be established all at once, but the minimum should be made 45 cents per hour. This would likewise create a deficit of several hundred million dollars.

"The swelling tide of prosperity in our country cannot be hastened by methods of this kind."

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE NEWS

Presents Picture of Famous Sloop of War

Admiral Lloyd H. Chandler, U. S. N., retired, has presented to the New Hampshire Historical society a framed photograph of the U. S. S. Portsmouth, built at the Navy Yard at Portsmouth in 1834 and known as a sloop of war.

Delegates Named

President Edward K. Woodworth and Robert J. Merrill were named delegates from the Concord Y. M. C. A. to the 41st international convention of the Y. M. C. A., at Atlantic City Nov. 14-19. The alternates named were Secretaries Perley A. Foster and Ernest P. Conlon of the state Y. M. C. A.

Younger Farmers Win Recognition For Their Work

Junior farmers in New Hampshire won an extraordinary number of prizes at the various county fairs in the state this year. The members of the boys' and girls' clubs take pride in their achievements and are steadily forging ahead towards their goal of making agriculture more popular and successful in the Granite state.

Will Resume 48-Hr Fight

Striking textile workers in Manchester will continue their fight for the 48-hour week with renewed vigor, Vice-President James Starr of the United Textile Workers of America stated following the announcement that Bishop Guertin's peace proposal of a 51-hour week had been accepted by the mill workers but rejected by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company.

Begin Campaign for Better Films in New Hampshire

Representatives of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs, the State Grange and the New Hampshire Motion Pictures' Association met at the state farm bureau offices in Concord to make plans for a campaign for better pictures. State Master Herbert N. Sawyer and Commissioner Andrew L. Felker of the state department of agriculture were the grand representatives and the picture producers present included Flora Kendall, Edward and E. E. Charbonneau of Manchester, David J. Adams of Concord and Charles H. Bean of Franklin.

U. S. Commissioner Visits N. H. Schools

Schools in Keene, Weare and Concord were visited by John J. Tigert, United States commissioner of education, as guest of the state board of education. He visited the Plymouth Normal school and assisted in dedicating two new high school buildings in Manchester.

At a meeting at the Concord auditorium Mr. Tigert was shown a demonstration of the work being done in the local schools, including sight reading of newspapers, music, stenography, typewriting, printing and sewing, with the musical number furnished by the high school orchestra and the kindergarten band of the Garrison school.

29 Farms Swept by Forest Fires

More than 100 men fought the forest fires, burned on 29 farms between Northfield and Sewalls Falls in Concord, covering a radius of about 15 miles.

Assistance was called for from all possible sources, several manufacturing plants within the area shutting down so the men could join the crews trying to stop the fires.

Farmers everywhere in the section dropped all other work to aid. Crews of the Western Union, the Boston & Maine signal department and the state highway department also aided.

It was stated the fires started from sparks from an engine over the White Mountain division at various points along the line.

Called from Bed to Help Thief Get Away with Own Pig

J. B. Doolittle, a farmer residing about four miles from Rochester, was aroused by a man calling for help. The farmer looked out and the man on the outside said a pig which he was carting in a truck had got away, and was on the farmer's premises and he asked help in catching it. The farmer, his wife and children dressed and aided the stranger in rounding up the pig. The stranger wanted to pay the farmer "for his trouble," but he would not accept anything. Then the stranger departed shouting his thanks to the farmer and his family.

After he had gone, the farmer went to his own pig pen to see how his pigs were and discovered the porker was missing. It was his own pig which he had helped the man to catch and put in the car.

Divorce Given to Mrs. Ford

Mrs. Frances Fay Ford of Newton, Mass., was awarded a divorce from her husband, Charles Lester Ford, well-known hotel man of Hampton Beach, and St. Peterburg, Fla., by Judge John E. Allen in Portsmouth. Cruel and abusive treatment was charged in the trial lasting 10 days.

The custody of their three-year-old daughter, Fay, was given to Mrs. Henry A. Ford, the child's paternal grandmother. Mrs. Ford was awarded alimony of $2500 annually.

Asks Employment Office for Women

State Labor Commission John S. B. Davis of Concord spoke before the Keene Woman's club on "Laws Relating to Employment of Women." Commissioner Davis compared the conditions existing today with those of the first part of the 19th century, and said the most feasible solution of the problems today is the application of the golden rule between employer and employee.

He showed where there already exists a clause relative to the 48-hour law for women in the present statutes and advocated the establishment of employment offices in Keene, Manchester and Nashua under state supervision. He also asked the women to petition the legislature for an "honest to goodness" workmen's compensation law.

Concord Has Baby Band

A short time ago there appeared in a supplement of The Boston Herald the picture of a band of kindergarteners in London, England, under the control of its 5-year-old conductor. There was a statement under the picture calling attention to the fact that there is a similar band in Winchell school kindergarten of Boston, and a surmise that these two are probably the only organizations of the kind in the world.

Garrison school in Concord, N. H., now puts in a claim that it is the largest kindergarten orchestra in the world. There are 21 children in Concord's kindergarten orchestra and they are all members of the kindergarten of the Garrison school. These children are 4 and 5 years of age, and their present leader is only 5 years old.

Honors Famous Dartmouth Men

Dartmouth has chosen the names of its two most famous graduates, Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate, for the new debating societies which have been formed out of the former forensic union.

The plans announced indicate an attempt to return to the days in the history of the college when public speaking was a major activity and when every student took deep interest in oratory, even making it the chief purpose of their fraternity organizations.

The two societies will be governed by a central body of 11 men, which will be known as the Board of Dartmouth Forensic Union. This organization will consist of three members of the public speaking department, two officers from each club and two delegates from each body.

Lower Death Rate From N. H. Accidents

There were 10,163 deaths from accidents caused by automobiles and motor vehicles, excluding motorcycles during 1921 in the death registration area of the United States comprising 34 states and containing 33 per cent of the country's population, the census bureau announced today. That was an increase of 1065 over 1920.

Of the 34 states in the registration area, California had the higest rate with 24.4 and 9,000, and Mississippi the smallest, 2.6.

The largest increase in the rate per 100,000 for the states was in California is with 3.3 more than in 1920, while New Hampshire showed the highest decrease in the rate, it having been 2.3. Twenty-six of the states showed increases seven decreases, and one showed no change.

The rate per 100,000 in the New England states and the number in increase or decrease in that rate as compared with 1920, follows: Maine 7.3, increase 1.7; New Hampshire 8.5, decrease 2.3; Massachusetts, 13.3, increase 1.6; Vermont 6.5, decrease 2.0.

Detected Money in Letters by Smelling

According to advices received by Postoffice Inspector-in-Charge Park D. Colvin of Boston, Edwin F. Donnelly, a clerk employed in the Manchester N. H. Postoffice, was arrested charged with the larceny of a large amount of parcel post matter as well as opening first-class mail letters after having employed a heretofore an unheard of method, the sense of smell, to detect the presence of bills in the letter, without completely unsealing them.

According to the inspectors, three decoy letters were placed in the mail which fell into the hands of Donnelly. He is alleged by the inspectors on March 30 to have slightly unsealed one of the letters, thrust the torn part to his nose and after satisfying himself that there was money in the letters by sense of smell he is alleged to have passed two letters on to them with the feeling that the contents were not enough to warrant holding up the letter. The third letter, it is alleged, was also undergoing this test by the clerk when the inspectors stepped in and made the arrest.

Bonar Law's First Trousers Made Over From Father's

B. A. Stymest, a Bath merchant, while in Concord told of his boyhood experiences with Bonar Law, British premier, they being born in the town of Paxton, N. B. and said his sister, now living in Fairville, N. B., made the first pair of trousers Bonar Law wore. The trousers were made from a pair of Bonar Law's father's old ones, but as Mr. Stymest recalled the incident, he could not have been more proud of his present dignity than of his first pair of trousers.

The American Legion

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

THE LEGION OATMEAL COOKIE

Recipe Submitted by Mrs. Frederick Gehlman, Springfield, Ill., Wins International Contest.

Mrs. Frederick Gehlman of Springfield, Ill., presents the national cookie to the country. Of the 400 recipes which have been pouring into national headquarters of the American Legion Auxiliary during the past two months, the Gehlman "Oatmeal Cookie" has been selected to fill the jars in military hospitals throughout the United States.

Mrs. Herbert Pinnell.

Although no prize whatever was offered in this unique contest, recipes came in from every state in the Union and from Hawaii, Alaska, Canada and Paris besides. So it was really an international contest, but the winner hails from our own Middle West. The Judges selected Mrs. Gehlman's cookie recipe for use in the hospitals, because it best combines food value with little fat content. It makes a mighty good tasting cookie, too. Here it is:

2 cupfuls sugar
2 cupfuls flour
1 teaspoonful soda
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
2 cupfuls rolled oats (ground)
1 cupful raisins (cut with scissors)
1 cupful lard or butter
1 cupful sour milk
2 eggs (well beaten)

Process: Flour the raisins. Cream the fat in a mixing bowl, adding the sugar gradually. Add the egg, then the milk, then the dry ingredients after sifting them together, then the oats, and lastly the floured raisins. Using a teaspoon, put onto a greased and floured baking sheet. Put into a fairly hot oven (350 degrees) and leave 10 to 15 minutes.

Mrs. W. J. Marks of Indianapolis, widely recognized domestic science expert, and the members of her "flour" force acted as judges for the contest. They are to be congratulate to the Gehlman hospital cookie, another "oatmeal cookie" which they would recommend for general use. It contains a larger percentage of fat and of milk. Mrs. A. O. Wiggin, Lima, Ohio, sent it in.

The vote gave Mrs. Mary B. Snodgrass of Highland Park, Mich., second ranking without a rival. She sent in an "orange cookie" recipe.

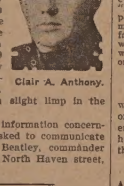
The judges selected as the third ranking recipe a "cream cookie" with small fat content, sent in by Miss Mary E. Robinson, Walla Walla, Washington.

Mrs. Herbert Pinnell of Indianapolis is shown mixing the dough for the National Cookie. She was one of the class of judges and—secret—she hasn't been mixing dough for Husband Pinnell so very long.

OHIO LEGION MAN MISSING

Clair A. Anthony Is Being Sought by Toledo Post, No. 319—His Family Needs Him.

Joseph Baker Post, No. 319, Toledo, O., is seeking the whereabouts of Clair A. Anthony, who has disappeared from his home in that city, and whose wife and children are in destitute circumstances. Anthony is described as twenty-nine years old, five feet six inches in height, weight 180 pounds, ruddy complexion, dark hair, blue eyes. He walks with a slight limp in the left leg.



Clair A. Anthony.

Anyone having information concerning Anthony is asked to communicate with Leland M. Beatley, commander of the post, 4112 North Haven street, Toledo, O.

Circumstantial Only.

On the complaint of a farmer, old Ephraim had been haled into court charged with chicken shooting. His lawyer had made a fairly good case for him and for a clincher had the plaintiff recalled, hoping to make him contradict his own testimony.

"See here," he said, scowling savagely, "will you swear that it was Ephraim who shot your chicken?"

"Wal," said the farmer mildly, "I won't swear to it, but I suspect him."

"That's not enough to convict a man. What makes you suspect him?"

"Wal, I saw him in the chicken yard with a gun, then I heard the gun go off, and then I saw him putting the chicken into a bag—and it didn't somehow seem sensible to figger the bird committed suicide."—American Legion Weekly.

Aspirin

Say "Bayer" and Insist!

BAYER

Genuine

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

Colds
Toothache
Earache
Neuralgia
Headache
Lumbago
Rheumatism
Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Advertisement.

IF TRUTH WERE INSISTED ON

Some of the Remarks That Would Be Made About That Proudly Displayed Photograph.

"This isn't a very good picture of you, Helen. You don't usually look so wide-awake."

"My, how this flatters you! A person might be led to think you're really good looking, to judge from this."

"If you had held that pose much longer you'd have had a nervous breakdown. That photographer should have known better."

"The man who took this picture ought to build up a heavy business. He certainly knows how to make age disappear, doesn't he?"

"Why, do you always have your picture taken in profile? You've got a very ordinary nose, to say the least."

"Too bad you don't smile like this otherwise."

"Take it away!"—New York Sun.

A FEELING OF SECURITY

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit forming drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

It is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything.

It is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to try this great remedy, send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

Bit by Bit.

"The regimental riding school isn't proving much of a success."

"Not proving much?"

"Oh, yes, but the pupils are falling off every day."—American Legion Weekly.

DYED HER SKIRT, DRESS, SWEATER AND DRAPERIES WITH "DIAMOND DYES"

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her worn, shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything, even if she has never dyed before. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is assured. Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to spot, fade, streak, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.—Advertisement.

New Book Ends Invented.

Because book ends relying on their weight have a tendency to slide apart on smooth tables an inventor has patented a pair mounted on rollers and held together with a spring to keep them against books between them.

Shave With Cuticura Soap

And double your razor efficiency as well as promote skin purity, skin comfort and skin health. No mug, no slimy soap, no germs, no waste, no irritation even when shaved twice daily. One soap for all use—shaving talcum and shampooing.—Advertisement.

Pump Returns Gasoline.

A tank for drafting gasoline from an automobile when repairs are to be made has been equipped with a pump and hose for returning the fuel.

During courtship a woman clings to a man's neck, but after marriage she is apt to walk on it.

If one must have superstitions, let them be cheerful ones.

Every man has an idea that others think him important.

A Year's Wear or a New Pair Free
That's our guarantee of
Nu-Way Stretch
Suspenders
No rubber. Another Bennett Springs give more, easier and restful stretch and never rot. Always smooth on shoulders. Self-adjusting. Slide-Ring Supporters. Lengthen-Shorten. Ask Your Dealer. If he hasn't them, send direct giving his name. Look for guarantee on every pair.
Nu-Way Stretch Suspender Co., Mfrs.
Dept. F-1311 Adrian, Mich.

RAY The FINNAN HADDIE Man
Supplies the freshest, most delicious
FINNAN HADDIE
Ray's is received daily fresh from the sea, and smoked immediately. It then goes directly to my representatives, who distribute it to you. No store can supply you with such fresh, perfectly flavored Finnan Haddie.
EXTRA MONEY EASILY EARNED
Bright boys and girls, or any one with enough spare time, will find pleasant, profitable employment taking orders and distributing Ray's Finnan Haddie. I want some one in every New England village to help me. Write for folder
W. A. RAY, 537 E. First St., So. Boston
Brighten Your Meals with RAY'S

TOURSEDAN TOPS
(California Type)
for open cars, all models
$175.00 to $325.00.
Send for Circular
Boston Auto Top Co.
98 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

A Revealer of Undulations.

"I thought you believed with Olivia that the earth was flat."

"I did until I had gone riding in Springvale's second-hand car."—Judge.

There is always a fool at one end of a flutterer's tongue—and sometimes at both ends.

Never limit your mental exercises to jumping to conclusions.

DR. STAFFORD'S
OLIVE TAR
FOR COLDS
Relieves Coughs, Bronchitis, Influenza, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Hay Fever, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, Pneumonia, Grippe, Tonsilitis, Sore Lungs, Bronchial Troubles.
Favorite remedy for generations for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza.
NALL & DICKEL New York

Dizzy Spells
Are Usually Due to Constipation
When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid is produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it.
Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative so it cannot gripe. Try it today.
Nujol
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A LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE

Don't Let Your Horse Die From Colic
DANIELS' Colic Drops
Will Save Him
Daniels' Renovator Powders
Give him pep and strength. A condition powder for horses going into winter work. Will make your horse feel fit and fine. At your dealer's or sent by mail. Write
DR. DANIELS, 172 Milk Street, Boston
For FREE BOOK on Horses, Dog, Cow, Cat or Poultry

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Safest and best family medicine

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.
Hiscox Chem. Wks., Patchogue, N. Y.

HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, restores comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. 15c. by mail or at Druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

Ladies Keep Your Skin Clear, Sweet, Healthy With Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Talcum

THE CROSS-CUT

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued.
—11—

For once a ray of cheer came to him. The Rodaines had known of this strike long before he ever went to that office in Denver. They had waited long enough to have their assays made and had completed their first shipment to the smelter. There was no necessity that they buy the Blue Poppy mine. Therefore, was it simply another trick to break him, to drive him up to a point of high expectations, then, with a laugh at his disappointment, throw him down again? His shoulders straightened as they reached the outside air, and he moved close to Harry as he told him his conjectures. The Cornishman bobbed his head.

"I never thought of it that wye!" he agreed. "But it could explain a lot of things. They went on there and they don't care 'ow. It 'urts a person to be disappointed. That's it. I always said you 'ad a good 'end on you! That's it. Let's go back to the Blue Poppy."

Back they went, once more to descend the shaft, once more to follow the trail along the drift toward the opening of the stope. And there, where loose earth covered the place where a skeleton once had rested, Fairchild took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves.

"Harry," he said, with a new determination, "this vein doesn't look like much, and the mine looks like a dead one if you're game. I'm game, and we'll work the thing until it breaks us."

"You've said it. If we 'it anything, fine and well—if we can turn out five thousand dollars' worth of stuff before the trial comes up, then we can sell hit under the direction of the court, turn over that money for a cash bond, and get the deeds back. If we don't, and if the mine peters out, then we ain't lost anything but a lot of 'opes and time. But 'ere goes. We'll double-jack. I've got a big 'ammer 'ere. You 'old the drill for awhile and turn it, while I sling th' sledge. Then you take th' 'ammer and 'ave mercy on my 'ands if you miss."

Fairchild obeyed. Hour after hour they worked. Then, as the afternoon grew late, Harry disappeared far down the drift to return with a handful of greasy candlelike things, wrapped in waxed paper.

"I knew that dynamite of yours couldn't be slipped in time, so I bought a little up 'ere," he explained as he cut one of the sticks in two with a pocketknife and laid the pieces to one side. Then out came a coil of fuse, to be cut to its regular lengths and inserted in the copper-covered caps of fulminate of mercury, and shoved in his contempt for the dangerous things by crimping them about the fuse with his teeth, while Fairchild, sitting on a small pile of muck nearby, begged for caution. But Harry only grinned behind his big mustache and went on.

Out came his pocketknife again as he slit the waxed paper of the gelatinous sticks, then inserted the cap in the dynamite. One after another the charges were shoved into the holes, Harry tamping them into place with a steel rod, instead of with the usual wooden affair, his mustache breathing his shoulder as he turned to explain the virtues of dynamite when handled by an expert.

"It's all in the wye you do it," he announced. "If you don't strike fire with a steel rod, it's fine."

"But if you do?"

"Oh, then!" Harry laughed. "Then it's flowers and a funeral—after they've finished picking you up."

One after another he packed the dynamite charges tight into the drill holes and tamped them with muck wrapped in a newspaper that he dragged from his hip pocket. Then he lit the fuses from his lamp and stood a second in assurance that they all were sputtering.

"Now we run!" he announced, and they hurried, side by side, down the drift turned until they reached the shaft. "Far enough," said Harry.

A long moment of waiting. Then the earth quivered and a muffled, booming roar came from the distance. Harry stared at his carbide lamp.

"One," he announced. Then, "Two."

Three, four and five followed, all counted seriously, carefully by Harry. Finally they turned back along the drift toward the stope, the acrid odor of dynamite smoke cutting at their nostrils as they approached the spot where the explosions had occurred. There Harry stood in silent contemplation for a long time, holding his candle over the pile of ore that had been torn from the vein above.

"It ain't much," came at last. "Not more'n 'arf a ton. We won't get rich at that rate. And besides—I'm disappointed—we ain't even going to be getting that pretty soon. It's pinching out."

Fairchild followed his gaze, to see in the torn rock above him only a narrow streak now, fully an inch and a half narrower than the vein had been before the powder holes had been drilled. It could mean only one thing: that the bet had been played and lost, that the vein had been one of those freak affairs that start out with much promise, seem to give hope of eternal riches, and then gradually dwindle to nothing. Harry shook his head.

"It won't last."

"Not more than two or three more shots," Fairchild agreed.

"You can't tell about that. It may run that way all through the mountain —but what's a four-inch vein? You can go up 'ere in the Argonaut tunnel and fi' 'arf a dozen of them things that they don't even take the trouble to mine. That is, unless they run 'igh in silver—" he picked up a chunk of the ore from the muck pile where it had been deposited and studied it intently —"but I don't see any pure silver sticking out in this stuff."

"But it must be here somewhere. I don't know anything about mining—but don't veins sometimes pinch off and then show up later on?"

"Sure they do—sometimes. But it's a gamble."

"That's all we've had from the beginning, Harry."

"And it's about all we're going to 'ave any time unless something bobs up sudden like."

Then, by common consent, they laid away their working clothes and left the mine, to wander down the gulch and to the boarding house. After dinner they chatted a moment with Mother Howard, then went upstairs, each to his room. An hour later Harry knocked at Fairchild's door, and entered, the evening paper in his hand.

"'Ere's something more that's nice," he announced, pointing to an item on the front page. It was the announcement that a general grand jury was to be convened late in the summer and that one of its tasks would be to seek to unravel the mystery of the murder of Sissie Larsen!

Fairchild read it with morbidity. Trouble seemed to have become more than occasional, and further than that, it appeared to descend upon him at just the times when he could least resist it. He made no response, and was little that he could say. Again he read the item and again, finally to turn the page and breathe sharply. Before him was a six-column advertisement, announcing the strike in the Silver Queen mine and also heralding the word that a two-million-dollar company would be formed, one million in stock to represent the mine itself, the other to be subscribed to exploit this new find as it should be exploited. Glowing words told of the possibilities of the Silver Queen. Offices had been opened; everything had been planned in advance and the advertisement written before the town was aware of the big discovery up Kentucky gulch. All of it Fairchild read with a feeling he could not down —a feeling that Fate, somehow, was dealing the cards from the bottom, and that trickery and treachery and a venomous nature were the necessary ingredients, after all, to success. He finished the last line, looked at the list of officers, and gasped.

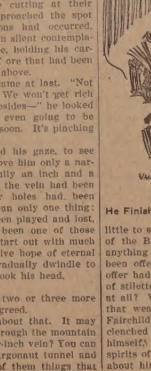
For there, following one another, were three names, two of which Fairchild had expected. But the other—

They were, president and general manager, R. B. (Squint) Rodaine; secretary-treasurer, Maurice Rodaine; and first vice president—Miss Anita Natalie Richmond!

After that, Fairchild heard little that Harry said as he rambled on about plans for the future. He sat and stared, until finally his partner said good-night and left the room.

That name could mean only one thing: that she had consented to become a partner with them, that they had won her over, after all. Now, by an entirely different light came upon the meeting with Barnham in Denver and a different view to Fairchild. What if she had been playing their game all along? What if she had been merely a tool for them; what if she had sent Farrell at their direction, to learn everything he and Harry knew? Had not another lawyer played the friendship racket, in an effort to buy the Blue Poppy mine?

And here Fairchild smiled grimly. From the present prospects, it would seem that the gain would have been all on his side, for certainly there was



He Finished the Last Line and Gasped.

little to show now toward a possibility of the Blue Poppy ever being worth anything near the figure which he had been offered for it. And yet, if that offer had not been made as some sort of silliotto jest, why had it been made at all? Was it because Rodaine knew that wealth did lie concealed there? Fairchild suddenly took hope. He clenched his hands and he spoke, to himself: to the darkness and to the spirits of discouragement that were all about him:

"If it's there, we'll find it—if we have to work our fingers to the bone, if we have to starve and die there—we'll find it!"

With that determination, he went to bed, to awake in the morning filled with a desire to reach the mine, to claw at its vitals with the sharp-edged drills, to swing the heavy sledge until his shoulders ached and ached, to send the roaring charges of dynamite digging deeper and deeper into that thinning vein. And Harry was beside him every step of the way.

A day's work, the booming charges, and they returned to the stope to find that the vein had neither lessened nor grown greater. Another day—and one after that. The vein remained the same.

Squint Rodaine had established his office in a small, vacant store building on the main street, and Fairchild could see, as he went to and from his work, a constant stream of townspeople and strangers make their goal—there to give their money into the keeping of the be-scarred man and to trust to the future for wealth. It galled Fairchild, it made his hate stronger than it was. As for the girl who was named as vice president—

He saw her, day after day, riding through town in the same automobile that he had helped re-tire on the Denver road. But now she did not look at him; now she pretended that she did not see him. She had gone over to the Rodaines, she was engaged to marry the chalky-faced, hook-nosed son and she was vice president of their two-million-dollar mining corporation. Fairchild did not even strive to find a meaning for it all; women are women, and men do well sometimes if they diagnose themselves.

The summer began to wane, old, and Fairchild felt that he was aging with it. The bank deposits were thinning, and the vein was thinning with it. Slowly, but surely, as they fought, the strip of pay ore in the rocks was pinching out. Soon would come the time when they could work it no longer. And then—but Fairchild did not like to think about that.

September came, and with it the grand jury. But here for once was a slight ray of hope. The body of twelve good men and true were themselves out with other matters and adjourned without even taking up the mystery of the Blue Poppy mine. But the jury of Fairchild and Harry was short-lived. In the long, legal phraseology of the jury's report was the recommendation that this important subject be the first for inquiry by the next grand inquisitorial body to be convened — and the threat still remained.

But before the two men were now realities which were worse even than threats, and they turned from his pecking fail to one afternoon to voice the most important.

"We'll start single-jacking tomorrow," he announced with a little sigh. "In the 'unging wall. The vein's pinched down until we ain't even getting day laborer's wages out of it—and it's October now."

October! October—and winter on the way. October—and only a month until the time when Harry must face a jury on four separate charges, any one of which might send him to Canon City for the rest of his days. Fairchild's hopes lay hert. He was only working now because a great, strong, big-shouldered man had come from Cornwall to help him and was willing to fight it out to the end. October—and the announcement had said that a certain girl would be married in the early fall, a girl who never looked in his direction any more, who had allowed her name to become affiliated with that of the Rodaines, now nearing the task of completing their two million. October!

For a long moment, Fairchild said nothing, then as Harry came from the staging, he moved to the older man's side.

"I—I didn't quite catch the idea," came at last. Harry pointed with his sledge.

"I've been noticing the vein. It keeps turning to the left. It struck me that it might have branched off from the main body and that there's a bigger vein over there some'eres. We'll just 'ave to make a try for it. It's our only chance."

"And if we fail to find it there?"

"Why, it ain't there—we're whipped!"

It was the first time that Harry had said the word seriously. Fairchild pretended not to hear. Instead, he picked up a drill, looked at its point and then started toward the small forge which they had erected just at the foot of the little raise leading to the stope. There Harry joined him; together they heated the long pieces of steel and pounded their biting edges to the sharpness necessary to drilling in the hard rock of the hanging wall, tempering them in the bucket of water near by, working silently, slowly—hampered by the weight of defeat. They were being whipped; they felt it in every atom of their beings. But they had not given up their fight. Two blows were left in the struggle, and two blows they meant to strike before the end came. The next morning they started at their new task, each drilling holes at points five feet apart in the hanging wall, to send them in as far as possible, then at the end of the day to blast them out, tearing away the rock and stopping their work at drilling that they might muck away the refuse. And day after day, each, without mentioning it to the other, was tortured by the thought of that offer of riches, that mysterious proffer of wealth for the Blue Poppy mine—tortured like men who are chained in the sight of gold and cannot reach it. For the offer carried always the hint that wealth was there, somewhere, that Squint Rodaine knew it, but that they could not find it. Either that—or flat failure. Either wealth that would yield Squint a hundredfold for his purpose, or a sneer that would answer their offer to sell. And each man gritted his teeth and said nothing. But they worked on.

October gave up its fight. The first day of November came, to find the chamber a wide, vacuous thing now, sheltering stope and refuse and two struggling men—nothing more. Fairchild ceased his labors and mopped his forehead, dripping from the heat engendered by frenzied labor. A long moment, then:

"Harry."

"Aye."

"I'm going after the other side. We've been playing a half-horsed game here."

"I've been thinking that, Boy."

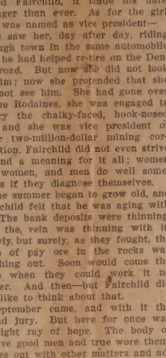
"Then I'm going to tackle the foot wall. I was at the bank today."

"Yeh."

"My balance is just two-hundred."

Harry clinged at his mustache. "We're nearing the end, Boy. Tackle the foot wall."

They said no more. Fairchild withdrew his drill from the "swimmer" or straightforward powder hole and turned far to the other side of the



"This Stuff's Changed Color."

chamber, where the sloping foot wall showed for a few feet before it dived under the muck and refuse. Spot after spot he prospected, suddenly to stop and bend forward. At last came an exclamation, surprised, wondering:

"Harry!"

The Cornishman left his work and walked to Fairchild's side. The younger man pointed.

"Do you ever fill up drill holes with cement?" he asked.

"Not as I know of. Why?"

"There's one." Fairchild raised his gad and chipped away the softer surface of the rock, leaving a tubular protuberance of cement extending. Harry stared.

"What the bloody 'ell?" he conjectured. "D' you suppose—" Then, with a sudden resolution: "Drill there! Gad a'ole off to one side a bit and drill there. It seems to me Sissie Larsen put a 'ole or something—I can't remember. But drill. It can't do any 'arm."

Fairchild chipped away the rock. Soon the drill was biting into the surface of the foot wall. Quitting time came; the drill was in two feet, and in the morning, Fairchild went at his task again, pounding away at the long, six-foot drill with strokes that had behind them only muscles, not the intense driving power of hope. A foot he progressed into the foot wall and changed drills. Three inches more.

"Harry!"

"What's 'appened?" The tone of Fairchild's voice had caused the Cornishman to lean from his staging and run to Fairchild's side. That person had cupped his hand and was holding it beneath the drill hole, while into it he was pulling the muck with the scraper and staring at it.

"This stuff's changed color!" he exclaimed. "It looks like—"

"Let me see!" The older man took a portion of the blackish, gritty mass and held it close to his carbide. "It looks like something—it looks like something!" His voice was high, excited. "I'll finish the 'ole and jam enough dynamite in there to tear the insides out of it. I'll give 'er 'ell. But in the meantime, you take that down to the assayer!"

CHAPTER XV

Fairchild did not hesitate. Scraping the watery conglomeration into a tobacco can, he threw on his coat and ran for the shaft. Then he pulled himself up, singing, and dived into the fresh-made drifts of a new storm as he started toward town; nor did he stop to investigate the fast-fading footprints of some one who evidently had passed the mine a short time before.

Into town and through it to the scrambling buildings of the Sampler, where the main products of the mines of Ohadi found their way before going to the smelter. There he swung wide the door and turned to the little room on the left, the sanctum of a white-haired, almost tottering old man who wandered about among his test tubes and "buttons" as he figured out the various weights and values of the ores as the samples were brought to him from the dirty, dusty, bin-filled rooms of the Sampler proper. A queer light came into the old fellow's eyes as he looked into those of Robert Fairchild.

"Don't get 'em too high!" he admonished, Fairchild stared.

"What?"

"Hopes. I've 'seen many a fellow come in just like you. I've been here thirty year. They call me Old Undertaker Chastine!"

Fairchild laughed.

"But that's encouraging—"

"Yep, Son." Undertaker Chastine looked over his glasses. "You're just like all the rest. You're hoping. Trot 'er out and let the old Undertaker have a look at 'er."

Sobered now, Fairchild reached for his tobacco can, which had been stuffed full of every scrap of slime that he and Jarry had been able to drag from the powder hole. Evidently, his drill had been in the ore, whatever it was, for some time before he realized it; the can was heavy, exceedingly heavy, giving evidence of purity of something at least. But Undertaker Chastine shook his head.

"Can't tell," he announced. "Feels heavy, looks black and all that. But it might not be anything but straight lead with a sprinkling of silver. And then again—"

He paused to tinker about with his pottery. He dragged out a scoop from somewhere and prepared various white powders. Then he turned to the furnace, with its high-chimneyed draft, and filled a container with the contents of the tobacco can.

"Let 'er roast, Son." he announced. "That's the only way. Let 'er roast—and while it's getting hot, well, you just cool your heels."

Long hours—while the eccentric old assayer told doleful tales of other days, tales of other men who had rushed in, just like Fairchild, with their sample of ore, only to depart with the knowledge that they were no richer than before, days when the news of the demonetization of silver swooped down upon the little town like some black tornado, closing down the mines, shutting up the gambling halls and great saloons, nailing up the doors, even of the Sampler, for years to come.

He turned to the furnace and took out the pottery dish in which the sample had been smelting white-hot now. He cooled it and tinkered with his chemicals. He fussed with his scales, he adjusted his glasses, he coughed once or twice in an embarrassed manner; finally to turn to Fairchild.

"Young man," he queried, "it ain't any of my business, but where'd you get this ore?"

"Out of my mine, the Blue Poppy!"

"Sure you ain't been visiting?"

"What do you mean?" Fairchild was staring at him in wonderment.

Old Undertaker Chastine rubbed his hands on his big apron and continued to look over his glasses.

"What'll you take for the Blue Poppy mine, Son?"

"Why—it's not for sale."

"Sure it ain't going to be—soon?"

"Absolutely not." Then Fairchild caught the queer look in the man's eyes. "What do you mean by all these questions? Is that good ore—or isn't it?"

"Son, just one more question—and I hope you won't get mad at me. I'm a funny old fellow, and I do a lot of things that don't seem right at the beginning. But I've saved a few young bloods like you from trouble in my time, once. You ain't been high-grading?"

"You mean—"

"Just exactly what I said—wandering around somebody else's property and picking up a few samples, as it were, to mix in with your own product? Or planting them where they can be found easily by a prospective buyer?"

Fairchild's chin set, and his arms moved slowly. Then he laughed. "No —I'll give you my word I haven't been high-grading," he said. "My partner and I drilled a hole in the foot wall of the stope where we were working, hoping to find the rest of a vein that was pinching out on us. And we got this stuff. Is it any good?"

"Is it good?" Again Old Undertaker Chastine looked over his glasses and shook his head. "It's too good—it's so good that it seems there's something funny about it. Son, that stuff assays within a gram, almost of the ore they're taking out of the Silver Queen!"

"What's that?" Fairchild had leaped forward and grasped the other man by the shoulders, his eyes ageam, his whole being trembling with excitement. "You're not kidding me about it? You're sure—you're sure?"

"Boy, you've got a bonanza, if this holds out. It's almost identical. I never saw two samples of ore that were more alike. And let's see, the Blue Poppy's right up Kentucky gulch, not so very far away from the Silver Queen, isn't it? Then there must be a tremendous big vein concealed around there somewhere that splits one half off from the main body of the mountain in one direction and the other cutting through on the opposite side. It looks like peaches and cream for you, Son. How thick is it?"

"I don't know. We just happened to put a drill in there and this is some of the scrapings."

"You haven't cut into it at all, then?"

"No, but unless Harry, my partner, has put in a shot since I've been gone."

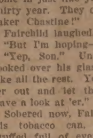
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Gentle English Way.

His voice stopped—exactly like when you hit a neighbor's gramophone with a well-aimed brick.—H. G. Wells in the Magic Shop.

DAUGHTER HAD TO HELP MOTHER
Now Can Do All Her Housework Alone Because Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her

Jasper, Minn. — "I saw in the paper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and took it because I was having such pains in my stomach and through my back that I could not do my work. I had tried other medicines, but none did me as the good that your Vegetable Compound did. Now I am able to do all my work and while before I had my daughter staying at home to do it. I have told a number of friends what it has done for me and give you permission to use my letter as a testimonial."—Mrs. Jesse Petersen, Route 1, Jasper, Minn.



There is no better reason for your trying Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound than this—it has helped other women. So if you suffer from displacements, irregularities, backache, nervousness or are passing through the Change of Life remember this splendid medicine. What it did for Mrs. Petersen it may do for you.

The Vegetable Compound stands upon a foundation of nearly fifty years of service.

Recommended
"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly benefits all burns, sores, bruises, sunburn, blisters, cuts and chafed skin. Never be without a bottle of it in the house. It's safe, always effective and costs but a trifle.
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Women Made Young
Bright eyes, a clear skin and a body full of youth and health may be yours if you will keep your system in order by taking
LATHROP'S GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES
The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles, the enemies of life and looks. In use since 1696. All druggists, three sizes.
Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

Dr. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy
for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE.
Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

DONT GO TO BED WITH A COLD
TAKE HALE'S HONEY
OF HOREHOUND AND TAR
relieves a cold, coughing, throat and bronchial trouble in a good, old fashioned, safe, quick, home way.
50c at all druggists.

For aching teeth—Pike's Toothache Drops.

LOOK OLD? Gray, thin, straggly hair gets terrible look very old. If you want color—use a bottle of Q-Ban Hair Color Restorer will bring back original color quickly — stops dandruff. At all good druggists, 75c, or direct: Q-Ban Co., Canada, Memphis, Tenn.

Camel's Peculiarity.

The camel cannot swim. The moment it loses its footing in running water it turns on its side and makes no effort to save itself from drowning.

Musical.

Jones—And how did you get your musical temperament?

Williams—I was born in a flat.

Murine FOR YOUR EYES
Night and Morning. Keeps Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they Tire, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes. Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

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No. 131. Men's Heavy Ribbed Union Suits, winter weight ecru, size 36 to 46, special price ..... $ 1.15

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Any of the above bargains delivered FREE to your door. Send your order TODAY

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TWO STORES ARE AT YOUR SERVICE

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Mail all orders to Arthur Salem, Manager

WEEKLY HOURS AVERAGE 56

That and Other Reasons Why South is Beating New England

In this series of newspaper letters on the marvelous growth of textile manufacturing in the South, Dr. E. W. Hodsdon of Center Ossipee N. H., points out convincingly and definitely some of the reasons why New England is losing its position of supremacy. Among other things he says:

Why has the South developed in textiles manufacturing to so wonderful an extent during the past 25 years?

The spindleage has been quadrupled, the looms trebled, the number of buildings increased at least 500 per cent, and the aggregate of employees developed tenfold.

Various answers have been given to this question, some right and some wrong. The correct one in the main is that of natural conditions generally, such as proximity of the growing cotton and easy and equable climate; excellent hydro-electric, as well as water, power; cheap fuel, and a comparatively inexhaustible supply of native help seeking employment, which can be drawn upon at any time.

This fact of labor supply with the lesser cost as a result, has been a factor, but it is only one feature in the general situation. Another is that people can live cheaper down South than they do in the North when their mode of living is based on a co-operative unit system such as prevails among the mills and their employees.

I am satisfied that it costs the average citizen as much to live in the cities of the South as it does in those of the North, notwithstanding that higher clothing may be worn, less heavily constructed buildings used for dwellings and fuel secured as a much lower annual cost. The mill employees, however, carry on existence on an entirely different basis. They are a community in themselves, generally away from the thickly settled centers, and the lure of the non-essential in life is absolutely lacking.

Costs Less To Bring Up Families

As it is much easier and cheaper for a man to bring up a family in a small New England town, with the same general degree of comfort than it is in a city, so in the mill villages of the South is found a plane of existence which is entirely satisfactory so far as comfort and well-being are concerned, but results in a much smaller expenditure on the part of the chief provider of the wherewithal.

Naturally a family requiring less for its living expenses does not demand so much for wages. This is only natural, and is due entirely to the local conditions, but there seems to be no gainsaying the fact that the mill labor of the South taken far and wide and through the entire section, averages at least 20 to 25 per cent in pay less than the same class of labor in Northern establishments.

Beyond this is the almost invariable working limit of 55 and 56 hours per week. So far as known no mill in Virginia, North Carolina, or South Carolina runs less than 55 hours per week throughout the year and some of them operate for 56.

In Georgia the rate runs as high in almost every instance as 58 hours per week, and in Alabama the usual time is 60 hours per week, although some are less.

Average of 56 Hours a Week

To say, therefore, that 56 hours per week for labor in textile manufacturing establishments in the South is setting the average as low as may be done consistently. It is easy for us to see that, with the cost of raw material less, the cost of labor lower in wages paid and in production secured, the South has an almost insurmountable advantage over the North in the production of textiles.

July 27 last, Mr. David Clark, editor of the South Textile Bulletin, in an address delivered to the North Carolina Press Association, enlarged upon the wonderful growth in the south in his talk to the newspaper men. Among other things he said: "The New England cotton mills have their backs to the wall in a fight for their existence, but they cannot overcome the difference in the cost of living of the mill operatives or get away from the fact that wages bear a relation to the cost of living.

It is not unlikely that Mr. Clark, who is a very conservative and reliable cotton mill expert, has erred somewhat on the Southern side in figures, but there is great weight to the basis of his argument that the Southern mill operatives are compelled to pay less for their living than the Northerners. Furthermore, they are not constantly tempted to dispense with whatever means they may secure for the non-essential elements of city life.

There is the situation. New England mills in many instances are facing financial ruin.

What shall be done? Hasten dissolution by shortening weekly working hours, and adopting other restrictive legislative measures or work hand in hand to increase production and retain the supremacy of this section?

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Recognizing the fact that agriculture is the basis of our prosperity, we favor such appropriations to our State Department of Agriculture as will enable it to carry on the work of its several departments more effectively and because of the value to the entire community, we especially endorse its work in animal industry looking to the eradication of Bovine tuberculosis.

New Hampshire State College

We rejoice in the wonderful growth of our State College, and assure it of such appropriations as will enable it to maintain its standards and enlarge its usefulness.

North Sandwich

(Continued From First Page)

which friends and patrons of the school are invited. Supt. F. W. Jackson will show some interesting stereopticon pictures.

Miss Marguerite Fellows was at home from Tilton Seminary for the week-end.

Mr. Frank Cover, of J. B. Cover Co., Lowell, Mass., was in town recently.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Fellows and Miss Marguerite, motored to Tilton on Monday.

Mrs. Clara Bean has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Edmund Page, of Meredith.

Mrs. Mabel Edwards of Fall River, Mass., is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Charles Fellows.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dow of Bristol were guests of Mrs. Clara Bean and Mrs. Mary Peaslee, last Sunday.

Mr. J. S. Watson of Somerville was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Quimby over the week end.

Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Bryer and Miss Josephine Mooney were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Quimby on Sunday.

Mr. Arthur Corliss has come home from Arlington Heights where he has been working during the summer and fall.

Smart Bros. have moved their mill from the Turner lot where they have been sawing for several months, to the Hilton lot.

On Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Robinson again entertained a houseful of people with music, games, and dancing. The celebration of Mr. Wilson's birthday added a special interest to the festivities.

On Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Lee entertained friends from Center Sandwich at the McKenney house into which they have just moved.

A dozen members of the Ladies Aid were very pleasantly entertained on Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. Cleveland Weed and her mother, Mrs. Charles Vittum. Delicious sandwiches, cake and fruit punch were served.

President Putnam has been in attendance at a recent meeting of the Pool Committee of the New England Milk Producers' Association, which lasted nearly a week.

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT

A Good Line of

Children's and Infants WEARING APPAREL

KNITTED and CROCHETED GOODS

Good Stock of

Hosiery and Underwear

Also

HOME COOKED FOOD

Glendora M. Wheeler

Opposite Robert's Market

Meredith

Whiteface

Mr. Millett Perkins of Center Harbor, was a guest of his aunt, Mrs. Addie Perkins, last week.

Mrs. C. S. Wing, Marion Wing and Mrs. Dorothy Demick and son were recent visitors at Meredith.

Miss Marion Wing and Ralph Peaslee were recent visitors in Moultonboro.

Mrs. Grace Campbell is suffering with the flu and Mrs. Alice Brown has been caring for her days and Mrs. Myrtie Brown at night. At last report she was a little better.

Irving and Lilla Mudgett of the Center were guests of Miss Marion Wing last week.

Mrs. Hattie Wallace spent one day last week with her brother, Clarence Plummer, and family.

Mr. Walter Tappan was a visitor at Concord last week.

Wesley Tewksbury was a guest last week of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wallace.

John Weed of Boston, Mass., is at his parents' home for a few days.

Arthur Corliss has returned home from Massachusetts where he has been working.

Mrs. Maude Corliss is very much improved in health we are glad to hear

Mrs. Nettie Plummer and son Winfred were callers Sunday on Mrs. Hattie Wallace.

While on his way to West Ossipee Herbert Perkins saw a good fat woodchuck. This is unusual for this time of the year.

Miss Gladys Wallace spent the week end with her aunt, Mrs. Nettie Plummer.

Mrs. Merrill, an elderly lady went to the hospital at Ossipee last week, Dr. Remick taking her there.

Mrs. Uriah McDaniels went to the hospital at North Conway recently.

Harry Wallace finished his work for Dr. Rollins last week Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Allston Grant and son were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Evans of Tamworth.

Master Earle Peaslee was at home from New Hampton for the week end.

Ten members of the Ladies Aid met with Mrs. Lettie Weeds last week.

A very pleasant social party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Saturday evening, about forty guests being present. There was vocal and insrumental music, Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Pitts presiding at the piano, Mr. McCarthy and Albert Brownlie violins, and Mrs. Robinson played the harmonica. Dancing followed after which a bounteous lunch was served, including a birthday cake prettily marked and lighted with candles. This was presented to Wilbur Quimby, 37. Ha, Ha. Many more returns of the day. One big breath and out went all but one light. All had a good time and will meet again next Saturday.

Sandwich

Frank A. Bryer is in the Laconia Hospital for abscess in the head. He is quite seriously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Story and Miss Ethel Shepherd of Peoria and Joseph Wentworth of Tilton were at the Wentworth homestead over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Newell of Laconia were at Isaac Graves' over the week end.

The East Sandwich Community Club at the last meeting, voted to furnish a room in the new extension to the Laconia Hospital. The secretary has written for instructions and particulars.

Mrs. Fred Bickford is quite ill. Lena Cook is helping her.

F. H. Weed is having the piece of road directly in front of his house, which was discontinued by the town last March, at his request, added to his lawn, and is grading and seeding it.

Ross Graves has a crew of men working on the new cement bridge on the State Road at East Sandwich, near the old Prescott mill.

Mrs. Ellen Brown, who has been visiting her brother Leverett Felch, for a few weeks returned to her home in Everett last Monday.

Moultonboro

Mrs. Gertrude Bartlett of Lakeport was a week end visitor in town.

Born last week to Mr. and Mrs. Albert McCormick, an 11 pound boy.

The Ladies Aid will serve a supper in the vestry Tuesday evening, November 14th.

D. D. Frank Leavitt of Effingham, was present and inspected Moultonboro Grange Friday evening, the 3rd.

May Sanders, a former teacher here, but now in Madison, spent the week end with her friend Miss Helen Kelly.

Wm. Gannett, who was operated on at his home the 31st of October, is doing as well as could be expected. He has a trained nurse.

Election of officers in Moultonboro Grange next Friday night. A full attendance desired.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Williams and son Kenneth of Melvin Village, are spending a week with her sister, Mrs. C. O. Tilton.

The community was saddened last week to hear of the death of Maude Quimby Martin, in Milford. She was born here and lived here until after her marriage to John Martin of Meredith. She was the oldest daughter of Arthur and Alma Quimby. She leaves a husband, a little daughter, a mother, sister and brother to mourn her loss.

Several from here attended election of officers in Carroll County Pomona Grange at Ossipee November 2nd.

The following officers were elected: Master, Geo. E. Gale, Bartlett; Overseer, Samuel Paul, Wakefield; Secretary, Mrs. Julia Smith, Center Sandwich; Steward, Fred E. Frost, Madison; Assistant Steward, John L. Pendexter, North Conway; Chaplain, Mrs. J. N. Frost, Madison; Treasurer, Wm. D. Tasker, Intervale; Secretary, Flora B. Haley, Moultonboro; Gate Keeper, George Holtt, Wakefield; Ceres, Mrs. Geo. E. Gale, Bartlett; Flora, Mrs. Florence Hurn; Pomona, Minnie Young, Ossipee; L. A. S., Henrietta Chandler, North Chatham; Executive Committee for three years, Mrs. Frances Sheridan, Moultonboro; Executive Committee for one year, Clarence Ela of East Conway.

Winona

Last week while Joseph Smith, Charles Bowles and Albert Hawkins were looking over a Mt. Joe Smith dog Nita treed four coons and with the help of a gun they were all killed.

Last Friday afternoon the farm

The Winona school has just found out that the school won first prize on the school exhibit, while Ray Gordon won first prize on his story, "How I Raised my Garden."

Jesse Bowles and Everett Woodman were in Laconia Friday on business.

John Pollard has been suffering with a sore throat.

Meredith Center

Miss Addie Doe was a guest of her cousin, Mrs. Laura J. Shaw in Holdernest Sunday, a most enjoyable time.

Mrs. A. J. Chase and daughter have returned to the Davis house in Sanbornton, after a few weeks at their old home here.

Ed Wiggin, his daughter Ethel, and Mrs. C. P. Collins were recent callers at Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Morrison's

Arthur A. Smith and sister, Miss Lottie Smith, recently received a visit from their uncle Bruce Piper, and other friends of Holderness.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarrh Medicine was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years. It is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in Hall's Catarrh Medicine is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O

All Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills for constipation

You are Never Secure from FIRE

but you are secured from going "broke" after the fire if your property is properly insured.

Others consider it better to pay a little for insurance than to lose a lot by fire. How about you?

We represent the most reliable companies in America.

W. T. LANCE

Representing Morrill & Foster of Concord

Grand Opening

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1922

St. Clair's Music Store

Corner Canal and Beacon Streets

Near Post Office

LACONIA, N. H.

Come and inspect this New, Modern Music Store

Everything one can desire in a musical instrument

PIANOS, PLAYER PIANOS

PHONOGRAPHS RECORDS

ROLLS and SHEET MUSIC

An orchestra will play afternoon and evening assisted by several vocal and instrumental soloists. Souvenirs and a good time for everybody

The Date

SATURDAY, ARMISTICE DAY, NOV. 11, 1922

AT THE

THE PHILBROOK STORE

MEREDITH

on the busy corner

DOLLS, TOYS AND GAMES

For the young folks. Also

USEFUL GIFTS SUITABLE FOR ALL

will be on display very soon at our store, at our usual reasonable prices. It will be a pleasure to show them to you.

We are always looking for big values for our customers and you will find many on display at all times. Make it a point to drop in whenever you are near, you will be greeted with a smile whether you buy or not.

CUTLERY WEEK

AT WEEKS & SMITHS

JACK KNIVES—A large assortment at 50c, also from 25c to $2.25

SHEARS and SCISSORS—A Complete Line

HUNTING KNIVES

The largest stock of knives of this type Meredith has ever seen

This is thte season for

GUNS, REVOLVERS, FLASHLIGHTS and AMMUNITION

We have a complete line of all these

WEEKS & SMITH

This Week's Specials

Pinnacle Coffee, 28c lb.

Laundry Soap, 5c. bar

Campbell's Tomato Soup, 10c. can

Heavy Canvas Gloves, 20c. pr.

Cream, fresh every morning, 60c. per quart

Charles N. Roberts

Our Island Paradise

Fishermen at Kealakekua Bay.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

Hawaii, territory of the United States, and most important strategically of the lands of the Pacific, is not alone interesting because of its military and naval value to Uncle Sam, emphasized some months ago by the deliberations at Washington in regard to the world's greatest ocean. It is in many ways literally an island paradise.

Scarcely anywhere else in the world may one roam through tropical jungles with never a thought of poisonous insects or snakes. Such creatures do not exist in these fair islands. Even poison ivy and similar noxious plants are unknown. And though in the edge of the tropics, Hawaii has a cooler temperature by ten degrees than any other land in the same latitudes. Moreover, one may change his climate at will by a journey of a few miles; for the northern half of each island, swept by the trade winds, is rainy and heavily wooded, while just over the mountain ridge is a drier, warmer region.

In a way, the United States may well thank Boston and its daring traders and missionaries of the early days for the fact that Hawaii now flies the Stars and Stripes rather than the red-color or the Spanish union jack. A Spanish navigator first discovered the islands in 1555, but his country laid no claim to them, and they were practically forgotten. The British Captain Cook visited the Hawaiian group in 1778, and named them the Sandwich Islands. Still the islands were practically unknown. Then, following the close of the American Revolution, American ships began to sail the seven seas in growing numbers, and in 1789 the first ship flying the Stars and Stripes—from Boston—visited the Hawaiians. It was the first of many from the same port, carrying traders, whalers and adventurers; and soon the natives had learned of the republic on the continent to the east, and came to consider the "United States" and "Boston" synonymous.

The Boston traders found each of the islands under a separate king, with two rival rulers on Hawaii, the largest of the islands. One of the latter obtained firearms and ammunition from the traders and got their assistance in building a "navy." With this American help he became the "Napoleon of the Pacific," conquering the other islands, and, as Kamehameha I, ruled over the consolidated kingdom.

Hawaiian Trade Was Valuable.

The Americans found the Hawaiian trade a good thing. They sold the king and his nobles everything from clothes and jewelry to billiard tables and steam yachts, and in return carried away shiploads of valuable sandalwood. Strong liquor was not forgotten among the imports, and in Honolulu among the naturally light-hearted natives the American sailors contributed to the creation of a gay Pacific resort, a sort of forerunner of San Francisco's Barbary Coast of later decades. Deserters from American ships, in the delightful haven of a barbarous paradise, helped to heighten the fame or the infamy of the Honolulu of those days. The situation became such that in 1820 President Monroe sent an agent to reside in Honolulu and look after American interests in regard to commerce and seamen.

A shipload of missionaries, also from Boston, arrived in the islands in 1820, much to the disgust of the traders as well as those who had deserted the sea to trade literally to the native path. The complaint of the traders was that the missionaries taught the natives "the value of things," and so made trading unprofitable. American ways and teachings at their best made a great impression on the more thoughtful Hawaiians, and when they reshaped their government they made the Ten Commandments the basis of their laws.

More and more Americans visited and settled in the islands and the Hawaiians looked upon America as their best friend among the nations. When pioneers from the United States were pushing west toward California just before the Mexican war, which added that state to the Union, a British naval commander in the Pacific, realizing the strategic importance of the Hawaiian group, seized the islands, but his country promptly disavowed his act. After some difficulties with France over the islands in the forties, the United States declared a sort of Monroe Doctrine toward them. As early as 1851 the island government, fearing trouble with other nations, provisionally ceded the islands to the United States. But the cession was not accepted, and numerous efforts to become a part of the United States were made in the following half century.

Annexed by Uncle Sam.

In 1887 the United States obtained a concession for the use of Pearl harbor for a coaling station. When Queen Liliuokalani attempted to abolish the constitution in 1893, the constitutional party, led by American settlers, brought about a revolution and dethroned her. One of the first acts of the provisional government was to apply for annexation to the United States. Germany was seizing islands right and left in the Pacific, and the Hawaiians wished to get under a sheltering wing. Politics in the United States delayed action, and in the meantime the Republic of Hawaii was organized. Then in 1898, during the Spanish-American war, congress suddenly voted to make Hawaii American territory.

Though the Hawaiian islands are known as "the half-way house of the Pacific," in reality the distance from San Francisco to Honolulu is only about half that from Honolulu to Australia, the Philippines or Japan. All the islands are of volcanic origin, but coral has grown on the shores of many of them. The disintegrated lava has formed a rich soil which responds liberally to irrigation. Only Cuba and Java produce greater total crops of sugar, and the per acre yield of Hawaii is the greatest in the world—four tons without irrigation and six tons with. The sugar crop for the year ended June 20, 1920, was worth $78,500,000. The pineapple crop, second in importance, was valued at $18,500,000.

Mauna Loa Volcano.

Perhaps the Hawaiian group is best known to most people because of the huge volcano Mauna Loa on the island of Hawaii. In September, 1919, this great safety-valve "blew off steam," giving a most unusual demonstration of nature's forces. From a huge vent in the mountain's side, a flood of molten lava was belched forth. Spreading out into a great shallow stream, it came roaring down the mountain slope, burning forests, carrying huge trees and immense boulders on its surface—sweeping everything before it. With a speed only varying from 1 to 20 miles an hour, according to the country it was passing over, it broadened out until it was nearly a mile in width. After wiping out the government belt road, razing telephone poles and destroying a vast amount of property, the red-hot lava tumbled over a high precipice and plunged hissing into the sea nearly 20 miles from its source.

In approaching the flow from the sea in the early evening, the glow from the lava was visible for many miles. As one drifted within 200 yards of the point where the liquid rock was rushing into the sea, the scene was awe-inspiring. Slowly the smoky haze from the burning forests, which hung over the source 20 miles away, lifted and the river of fire stood out in its full glory. Leaping from pali to valley, rushing uphill and roaring down, the fiery flood thundered down the mountain slope, carrying on its bosom rocks as big as houses.

As the stream of blazing lava neared the coastline, it appeared to gather more speed, taking the final plunge over a 100-foot cliff at a terrific rate and looking for all the world like a fiery Niagara. As the red-hot lava came in contact with the water, great columns of steam and gas, like huge waterspouts, were forced hundreds of feet into the air. Huge boulders, hurled into space, exploded with thunderous reports into aurns of red and green lights, while flashes of what looked like lightning added to the chaos.

History's Mysteries

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THE RIDDLE OF THE CYCLOPS

ECLIPSING the other mysteries of the World war and overshadowing all other unsolved riddles of the sea—with the possible exception of the matter of the Marie Celeste—the unexplained loss of one of the United States colliers, Cyclops, stands preeminent, apparently one of the few cases on record where the sea literally opened and swallowed a huge boat, leaving not the slightest trace of the vessel or her crew.

The brief and formal announcement of the Navy department by Secretary Daniels issued at the time that the Cyclops was officially added to the list of missing ships, gives the principal details in the case, few and inadequate as they are: "It was on March 4, 1918," read this announcement, "that the collier Cyclops, 19,000 tons displacement, put into the British West Indies for coal. She was due in her home port on March 13. Since her departure from that port there has not been a trace of the vessel, and long-continued and vigilant search of the entire region proved utterly futile, not a vestige of the wreckage having been discovered.

"No reasonable explanation of her strange disappearance can be given. It is known that one of her two engines was damaged, and that she was proceeding at reduced speed, but if the engine had become disabled it would not have had any effect upon her ability to communicate by radio. Many theories have been advanced, but none that seems to account satisfactorily for the ship's complete vanishment. After months of search and waiting, the Cyclops has been finally given up as lost and her name stricken from the registry."

But these are only the barest facts in the case, and make no mention of one of the most interesting points connected with the mystery—the fact that the Cyclops carried as a passenger Alfred Louis Moreau Gottschalk, American consul general at Rio Janeiro and a man who had been instrumental in stirring up sentiment throughout Brazil in favor of the allied forces. A number of anonymous communications threatening his life had been received by the consul general prior to his return to the United States, in order to resume his commission in the Fifth regiment of New York, but the most startling fact of all was that within two weeks after the Cyclops sailed and at least a month before she was reported as missing a notice appeared in a Rio Janeiro newspaper stating that a requiem mass would be celebrated by the American consul general "lost at sea in the American collier Cyclops."

A number of Americans in Brazil noticed the announcement at the time and made inquiries about it, but the newspaper in question disclaimed any knowledge of the person who had inserted the notice and little attention was paid to it until word was received from the States that the collier was long overdue. American secret service agents then tried to trace the clue of the newspaper clipping, but the trail was too cold. The man who had brought it into the office of the newspaper had disappeared as completely as had the Cyclops!

Among the theories advanced for the failure of the vessel, seaworthy in the extreme, and in the best shape save for a minor accident to one of her engines, was that she had either been sunk by a German submarine operating in West Indian waters or that she had been captured and taken into Germany in order that the central powers might have the benefit of her large cargo of manganese which she was carrying. One of the first acts of the American authorities after the signing of the armistice, therefore, was to examine all German records dealing with naval operations during the period of the war. But, while reference was found to the sinking of every vessel which had been torpedoed, together with the date of the attack and the name of the officer commanding the submarine or raider, no mention whatever was to be located concerning the Cyclops. If she fell a victim to a German submarine, it must have been one of those which failed to return to port, else German pride in the success of their campaign of frightfulness would have led to a permanent record of the exploit.

Inasmuch as no storm or even rough weather was reported in the West Indies at this time, the most tenable theory appears to be that of certain naval officers who maintain that the collier must have foundered through the sudden displacement of her cargo—manganese shifting with the ease and rapidity of a cargo of wheat. But, until the truth or falsity of this supposition is established by the discovery of some totally unexpected clue, the Cyclops must be numbered with the President, the Naronic, the City of Boston and the other vessels which have made the "port of missing ships." It is significant, however, that the Cyclops was the only vessel equipped with wireless that has ever disappeared without a trace or a whisper of trouble.

THE CAMPDEN SECRET

ABOUT the middle of the Seventeenth century all England was greatly excited over what was popularly referred to as the "Campden Secret," the mystery of the disappearance of William Harrison, who was supposed to have been robbed and then murdered. A mother had her two sons were arrested, tried, convicted and executed—and then, two years later, Harrison returned and told a most remarkable story of kidnaping and adventure, filled with such impossible and conflicting statements that it has generally come to be believed that he was never very far from his own home from the time of his disappearance until his return!

But why did he remain away, and why did the persons accused of his murder give such misleading accounts of their actions that a jury convicted them of murder practically without hesitation?

The evidence brought out at the trial showed that Harrison left his house in the afternoon and walked, or was supposed to have walked, two miles to Charringworth to collect some rents. When, as evening came on and Harrison had not returned, his servant—a man named John Perry—was sent in search of him. Neither Harrison nor Perry put in an appearance that night and, in the morning, one of the sons of the missing man joined in the search, meeting Perry on his way out.

The servant maintained that he had been able to find no trace of his master, but when young Harrison joined in the search he located a bloodstained hat which was supposed to have belonged to William Harrison. Soon the entire countryside was engaged in an attempt to solve the mystery and the strange actions of Perry led to his being suspected of the crime, the alleged motive being the securing of the money which Harrison had upon him at the time. Under pressure, Perry stated that his mother and borther had frequently asked him when Harrison went to collect his rents, and added that it was his (Perry's) belief that the missing man had been murdered by Mother Perry and her son.

On the strength of this all three of the Perrys were arrested, tried and sentenced to death. Jean Perry was the first to be hanged, protesting her innocence. Richard Perry followed his mother to the gallows, and finally John Perry, Harrison's servant, interrupted his previous statement and declared that he knew nothing whatever of the crime or any possible motive.

Nearly two years after the three had been hanged for his murder, William Harrison returned to his home, apparently unconcerned, and telling a tale of having been waylaid by highwaymen, kidnaped and spirited away to the continent. For several days, he stated, his captors had kept him hidden and had then put him on board a ship, though he never vouchsafed any explanation as to the motive for the outrage, for he had comparatively little money in his possession, and none of the details of his story has to do with the way in which his abductors kept him supplied with money.

Finally, he declared, he was sold to a physician at Smyrna, but he was able to give no definite description of the city nor was he able to explain how, penniless and unfamiliar with the languages spoken on the continent, he was able to find his way back home.

The only apparent explanation of the entire affair is that, for some reason, Harrison's presence at Campden was inconvenient to some one then in authority. He had lived through troublous times, and had come into a changed state of affairs with new masters. He was familiar with a number of secrets, and therefore might have been better out of the way for the time being. But the precise nature of these secrets and why three innocent persons were permitted to go to the gallows for a crime which had not been committed has never been disclosed.

Well Protected.

Daniel Garber, the noted Philadelphia painter, who lately received a $2,000 award from the Corcoran gallery, has a caustic wit.

In New England last summer Mr. Garber was shown over a rich man's very expensive and ugly country estate. The rich man in the end led the painter proudly to a garden filled with concrete statuary.

"What waste," said Mr. Garber.

"Waste?" said his guide. "It isn't waste. I can afford it."

"It seems like waste to me."

"How so?"

"Well," said Mr. Garber, "there are no less than a dozen scarecrows in this little garden, whereas any one of them alone would keep off the crows from a ten-acre lot."

Much More to Learn.

"You seem to have confidence in your broker."

"When a man tells me Zero oil is going up and Zero oil does go up, why shouldn't I have confidence in him?"

"How long have you known the fellow?"

"Two days."

"Your education has just begun."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Bridegroom in Obscurity.

"Where is the groom?"

"There he is."

"Can't see him."

"Well, you can see the tip of his nose. He's behind the bride's bouquet."

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Bakers' Raisin Pies

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THERE are luscious raisin pies just around the corner, at your grocer's or a bake shop.

Baked to a turn—a flaky crust filled with tender, tempting raisins, the rich juice forming a delicious sauce.

Once try these pies that master bakers bake fresh daily in your city and you'll never take the trouble afterwards to make raisin pies at home.

Get a pie now and let your men folks taste it.

Made with tender, thin-skinned, meaty, seeded Sun-Maid Raisins.

Raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound in practically predigested form.

Also a fine content of food-iron—good food for the blood.

Use raisins frequently, therefore, which are both good and good *for* you, in puddings cakes, cookies, etc.

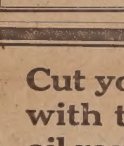
You may be offered other brands that you know less well than Sun-Maids, but the kind you want is the kind you know is good. Insist, therefore, on *Sun-Maid* brand. They cost no more than ordinary raisins.

Mail coupon for free book of tested Sun-Maid recipes. Learn what you can do with luscious raisins.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

The Supreme Pie Raisin

Your retailer should sell you Sun-Maid Raisins for not more than the following prices:



Blue Package

Seeded *(in 15 oz. blue pkg.)*—20c
Seedless *(in 12 oz. red pkg.)*—15c
Seeded or Seedless *(11 oz.)*—15c

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Dept. N-539-J, Fresno, California

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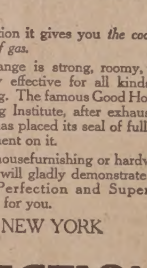

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William Manley Makes $25.00 Daily selling our seven-piece ladies' combination toilet sets at $1.50. Costs 75c. Outfit on the job at once. Send $1.00 for sample set. Hudsonia Soap Works, 276 Greenwich Street, New York.

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SOMETHING NEW—EVERY HOUSEWIFE WANTS. Wonderful little darning machine; puts heel or toe in sock or stocking in few moments. Price 50 cents. T. H. LONDON, 259 AVON STREET, FLINT, MICHIGAN.

LADIES—Use our rubberized household aprons, made of finest quality rubber-coated gingham and percale; 11 patterns. Copy of our latest catalog of rubber goods free on request. L. Bolljen, 1 E. 42nd St., New York.

Toy Balloons—Big Christmas package, containing 36 assorted sizes and Novelty Balloons, postpaid, only 15c. Big value. Money orders preferred. Special "Gem" Football for the kiddies, sample, postpaid, 25c. Dealers wanted. **The Balloon Kings, New London, O.**

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U. S. All wool Army Blankets, size 66x84, can be used for sofa, auto robes, or made into children's overcoats. Rea & Mead, Ridgefield Park, N. J.

Boys' or Girls' Camp. Beautiful, healthful, location, 296 a. including upland, lowland, beaches, woods, old-fash. house, cottages. $10,000. Terms. Samuel Sylvester, Lisbon Falls, Me.

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W. N. U., BOSTON, NO. 45—1922.

MEREDITH'S PAST

(Continued From First Page)

city of Manchester as soon as he got through school. Here he conducted a butcher shop until he was appointed Postmaster. He served in this capacity for eight years, after which he went into the coal business and is one of the big men of Manchester. He has the old place in tth village and owns an island on Lake Winnipesaukee, where he spends his week ends, going back and forth in his auto. Long may he live to enjoy the fruits of his toil.

Close to the Clough house is the John McKendrick house. Here he lived for many years. I think he was in the war and came home and went to work for Geo. H. Clark & Co., where he stayed until he died. The place is now occupied by Fred Blake, a carpenter by trade, the son of Dr. Blake, and a native of Meredith.

We are now on Meredith Neck, and while I know the people of the old Neck I find that I can do nothing in describing those who live there now. Meredith Neck is a great place for summer people and as fast as one of the older people died their place was taken by the city folks.

Next to McKendrick's is the Swain place. Charles lives there and works for Clark & Co. I think he is the third generation of his family that have lived there.

Next is the old Dick Kelly place. For many years he lived here. I do not remember much of him, but he finally died, his family separated and passed out of my knowledge. Harris Screggel and his family I think lived here for many years. Later a family by the name of Blandin moved in here. The man and his wife died, and the place passed into the hands of Charles Merrill, who has lately sold it to Thomas Batchelder. Thomas is a native of Meredith and is a farmer-teamster and is a handy man to do most anything that needs to be done.

Next we have Tom Welch, a Civil War veteran, who is now dead. The place belongs to his son Mel Welch, who, I think, lives there and works out by the day.

Next is the Saul Bryant place. Sol was an army man and got through whole and worked for N. B. Wadleigh much of his time after he returned from the war. I do not know who lives there now.

Uncle Bennie Prescott's place comes next. He is dead and the house is let.

When I was a boy the next was woods until we came to the old homestead of Dr. Blake. Now the woods are gone and streets laid out and filled with houses and new people. The old Dr. Blake place is put on earth and is occupied by John Prescott and family, who for many years has worked for Clark & Co. Of the old Dr. Blake I knew but little. I remember him as long ago as I remember anyone. His medicines were roots and herbs, but where I knew him best was in Moses' tin shop. He was a fine workman and I used to like to watch him make tin dishes. In those days about everything in tin was custom made.

Next came more trees until we got to the John Smith Corner. Here was a cross road that ran to the Center Harbor road and a little off this road lived Uncle Jim Bickford, an excellent man to meet and an extra good farmer. Here lives one of the grandsons, who I think, is the only Bickford left of a once numerous family.

Coming back to the Neck road we have John Smith on one of the best farms in the town. Smith knew how to take care of it and was one of the solid men of Meredith. Smith died and the wife ran the place with the help of a hired man. This place finally came into the hands of a young farmer by the name of John Wiggin, a mighty fine farmer and a man whose word was as good as his bond. Meredith lost a sterling, hard-working man when he died. The place is now run by his widow with Lewis Caverly as a foreman.

Going down over the hill we have another branch road going in to what used to be the old Price farm. Of this farm I know but little, but as we turn off the Neck road we turn around the old Moses Moulton place. Moses was a very small man, but his wife made up in size so that Moses and his wife were about the same in weight as the average man and wife. They were the parents of Herbert Moulton, who was once a casket maker, and the real founder of the Casket Company of today. He was also an undertaker and was a capable man when death took him. Another son was George, and I think there were several girls. Moses and his wife are dead and I think there is but one of the children now living. George is a carpenter and works about town.

Next is the old John Page farm. The old people and their children are all dead, I believe, and the place now belongs to a man by the name of Quimby.

In back of the Page place is a farm owned by Harry McNeil, who, together with his sons, runs the farm and works out doing teaming.

Coming back to the main road we have the David Gilman farm. This farm is in strange hands. Gilman's two sons, Woodbury and Gene, went to the British provinces and raised horses for the market. Here perhaps was a chance for me to have gained riches. These men hired me years ago to go out there and take care of the ranch house with a chance to get into business myself in a small way. For some reason unknown to me I got a letter not to come. I was all broke up here and George Pease wanted me to go to Chicago with him and I went. He got me a job of ironing carriages. I went at my job with all confidence and worked two days when I told the proprietor that I was not the man he wanted and that I was going to the country, which I did, and had no trouble in doing anything that I was asked to do. I staid seven months and came home. Sometime I may go into this trip more in detail.

This letter has been over a very dry country, all old sober people, and I see no reason why the next letter will not be the same, but a little later we will find something more interesting, I hope.

E. H. MALOON

Center Harbor

The Center Harbor Woman't Club held its usual Friday meeting, November 3rd, the president, Mrs. Ethel Bennett, occupying the chair. the following program was rendered:

Piano Solo, Mrs. Emma Doyle
A Trip to England, Mrs. Susie Kimball
Song, Mrs. Ethel Lunt
Roll Call, Quotations from English authors.
English National Anthem

The hostesses were Mrs. Hattie Fletcher and Mrs. Sophia Edwards. Ice cream, cake and coffee were served.

Mrs. Kimball gave us a most interesting account of her recent visit to England, most of her talk being confined to her native town, Gloucester, and the nearby cities of Cerencister, Manchester and Swansea. While she was lecturing her passport and many interesting views were passed among the members and all enjoyed looking them over.

Mrs. Maude Nichols sent in her resignation as treasurer of Club. Mrs. Hattie Fletcher was chosen as her successor.

The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held Friday afternoon, November 10th, at the home of Mrs. Grace Swain. A good attendance is earnestly desired.

Center Harbor

Garnet Hill Grange gave a Harvest Supper last Thursday night at Grange Hall. There was a large attendance, plenty of "hot boiled dinner", a good program and a good time generally. The Grange realized nearly $150.00, which was a record breaker financially.

Another unique entertainment called "an endless chain" is soon to be started in the Grange in which every granger and possibly some not members, will be invited to participate. Grangers be expecting an "invite" soon.

Contributions of clothing for the Near East Relief are not coming in as fast as they should. Please don't delay. Bring or send ANYTHING you can spare to Miss Woodward's home right away. This call applies to EVERYBODY IN TOWN. Clothing MUST reach the sufferers before winter sets in.

On November 11 the Membership Drive in the Red Cross will start with the same corps of workers as last year if possible. A list will be announced in our next issue. Next Sunday, November 12, the churches all over the country will observe "Red Cross Sunday," with information regarding the work of this great humane organization. We don't want our standard in town lowered, but must rally to the call with our renewals. Give the solicitors a "square deal," for they are working for a great, human cause, suffering humanity! Remember that half of your dollar stays in town treasury.

Secretary Bridges took up the subject of "Taxation Inequalities in New Hampshire," at several of the annual meetings of the County Farm Bureaus in this state.

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Pynn's Garage

Meredith, N. H.

WILLIAM PUFFER DISCUSSES TAXES

Boston, Mass., November 1, 1922

To all Persons Interested:—

Greeting,

Since my general letter of April 17th the Tax Commission of New Hampshire has made a careful and exhaustive examination of the Town of Meredith. I was personally able to be with them and to confer with them in regard to the valuations of the Bear Island properties south from the wharf. Unfortunately the Commission did not adhere to its promise that I could arrange to have some expert go with it over parts of the town and locations similar to ours, to see if the same standard of valuation was applied. Since the tax bills have been sent out I have learned that there has been considerable readjustment of values which with the reduction of the rate has resulted in savings to most of us.

I have prepared a chart showing the changes in the town inventories from 1910 to 1922 inclusive. In this chart horizontal distances represent the years from 1910 to 1922 inclusive and the vertical distances represent the valuation in dollars as printed on the tax bills. The line marked "A" shows the entire valuation of Meredith. "B" is that part of the entire valuation which is the "fire district" which practically means the business part. "C" shows the rest of Meredith after taking out the "fire district", but in 1918 this was split into two parts, "E" property belonging to residents and "F" property belonging to non-residents.

INVENTORIES OF MEREDITH, N. H.

Year	Fire District	Remainder of Town	Non-Resident	Totan
1910	$444,356	$545,324	Not separate	$989,680
1911	446,616	560,284	"	1,006,900
1912	708,690	927,653	"	1,636,343
1913	702,690	939,028	"	1,641,718
1914	681,383	948,093	"	1,629,388
1915	I have no record			
1916	664,804	968,822	"	1,632,916
1917	676,244	988,230	"	1,664,474
1918	705,998	1,027,050	"	1,732,988
1919	673,363	671,726	$502,109	1,747,198
1920	669,765	564,463	513,280	1,747,508
1921	685,302	622,757	604,501	1,912,560
1922	991,590	682,507	621,494	2,295,591

In 1912 all property owners were ordered by Legislative action to return a "true value" of their property under threat of having the value set and four times tax collected should the assessors think they returned value incorrect. A jump of about 60 p. c. was the result and note that the "fire district" value has never increased since then till this year's increase of 45 p. c. Since 1919 the average annual increase in combined town and non-resident is 7 p. c. and non-resident along 8 p. c. Compare this increase of 8 p. c. which must also include new buildings, with our 50 p. c. to 225 p. c. increase of last year and it is plainly evident that the boast was selective and not general. Even now Island property is assessed higher than its true value as defined by the Courts.

After the revaluation of 1912 the inventory of the Taxable Property in the Town of Meredith for the year 1912" was printed by the "Meredith News" but there was no statement of the authority for the printing nor have I yet been able to get at the probable cost. In my opinion such an inventory should now be printed, giving the valuations as set by the State Tax Commission and the Asssors of the Town of Meredith, because in no other way is the equality of the valuation set forth. I should be glad of your approval of this idea and the authority to use your name in any request I find possible to make.

The Committee appointed last year has never met, and I fearing that everybody's business would change into nobody's, have taken the liberty of acting personally in the whole matter. I am sending this letter to those addresses of last year that turned out to be "live" ones, but I have spare copies of both letters and the chart and would be glad to mail them to any addresses furnished me.

Yours truly,

WM. L. PUFFER.

Farm Bureau Federation News

Larger Farm Loans Necessary

Other bills which were introduced for the purpose of relieving the financial situation and to make it possible for the farmer to finance his operations more on a par with the advantages enjoyed by industry are those which propose to raise the limit on individual loans which may be made by the co-operative Federal Farm Land Banks. When the Federal Farm Land Bank Act was passed some years ago, the compromise limit on the co-operative loans was placed at $10,000, which was far from adequate; but loans made by the Joint Stock Land Banks were restricted only as to the collateral offered and the judgment of the Federal Farm Loan Board. Stock Land Banks are obtaining the larger loans, those that are handled most easily, and which are most profitable to the bank. The co-operative Farm Land Banks can operate, theoretically at least, under less expense and are entitled to the same privileges in regard to the size of loans as are the Joint Stock Land Banks. Limiting the first mortgage to $10,000 makes it impossible for many of the co-operative Land Banks to function properly in sections of the country where farming is conducted on a relatively high value and generally speaking where the surplus crops of the country are produced. When the Act was first passed, also, the idea prevailed that the Farm Land Banks were to help the small farmer only and that they were not to form the basis of the farm land mortgage business in the United States. As time has shown, however, both the co-operative Farm Land Banks and the Joint Stock Land Banks afford an instrument for the floating of farm mortgages which is far superior to the wholly unregulated old practices in which the farmers had to renew their mortgage frequently and pay very high rates of interest in addition to bonuses and commissions.

The limitation of $10,000 on farms of large size or high value absolutely shuts out the owners from participation in the co-operative land banks, for a first mortgage of this amount is merely an embarrassment in securing a second mortgage, as the latter would be so large that it would be impossible to float it except at an exorbitant rate of interest.

The annual meeting of the State Farm Bureau Federation takes place at Concord, Jan. 12-13, 1923.

WHAT? WHEN? WHERE? WHO? WHAT?

The Annual Meeting of the State Farm Bureau Federation.

WHEN?

January 12 and 13, 1923

WHERE?

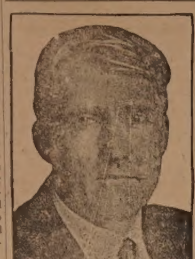
Concord, New Hampshire

WHO IS INVITED?

Every Farm Bureau member in the State and all who are interested in organization.

The Annual Meeting of the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation comes on January 12 and 13 in Concord. Don't forget the date. Make your plans to come, it will be worth your while.

We are planning a big banquet for the evening of January 12. President Howard will be the main speaker at this banquet. We hope that every



J. R. Howard

community in the state will have a representative at this meeting.

The bookkeeping systems recommended by the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation have been installed in several counties and everywhere we hear most excellent reports from the same.

Howard to Speak at Annual Meeting of Federation

James R. Howard, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, will be the chief speaker at the annual meeting of the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation on January 12 and 13 at Concord. The officials of the Farm Bureau feel highly pleased that Mr. Howard's services have been accured. It is indeed an honor to have such a man as our guest at the annual meeting. "Jim" Howard, as he is generally called, is a real live farmer, owning and operating a five hundred acre farm in Marshal County, Iowa. The farm's name is "Homeland." He has always been one of the most progressive men of his state, taking the lead in many important measures. He helped organize and was the first president of the Marshall County Farm Bureau and also had the honor to serve as the first president of the Iowa State Farm Bureau Federation.

When the American Farm Bureau Federation was organized, he was selected as its first president. It is often said that it is just as providential that Jim Howard was selected to be the first head of the American Farm Bureau Federation, as it was that George Washington was selected to be the first head of the United States.

No one who has seen Jim Howard doubts that he belongs to the modern school of real farmers. He stands full six feet tall and is lean and fit. He carries not a pound of superfluous weight and tips the scales at 197. The grip of his handshake, the light in his eyes and his smile are convincing. In him the organized farmers of America find a leader worthy of the calling and their cause.

Secretary Bridges Speaks at Vermont Meetings

H. Styles Bridges, secretary of the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation, was the chief speaker at several of the annual meetings of County Farm Bureaus in Vermont.

Secretary Bridges and President Putnam were speakers at the annual meetings of the Cheshire County Farm Bureau and the Carroll County Farm Bureau, as Gray Silver, the speaker at the other eight county annual meetings was not in attendance at these.

The annual meeting of the State Farm Bureau Federation takes place at Couco an, 12-13, 1923.

The News is $1.50 per year

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